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HOMeward BOUND:

OR,

THE CHASE.

A TALE OF THE SEA.

BY J. FENIMORE COOPER, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "THE PILOT," "THE SPY," ETC.

"Is 't not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum, and Brundusium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in Toryne?"

SHAKSPEARE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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HOMeward BOUND.

CHAPTER I.

O Domine Deus ! speravi in te ;
O care mi Jesu, nunc libera me :—
In durâ catenâ,
In miserâ pœnâ,
Desidero te,—
Languendo, gemendo,
Et genuflectendo,
Adoro, imploro, ut liberes me.

QUEEN MARY.

THE sublime consolations of religion were little felt by either of the two generous-minded and ardent young men who now were pacing the deck of the Montauk. The gentle and plastic admit the most readily of the divine influence ; and of all on board the devoted vessel at that moment, they who were the

most resigned to their fate were those who by their physical force were the least able to endure it.

“This heavenly resignation,” said Mr. Sharp, half whispering, “is even more heart-rending than the outbreakings of despair.”

“It is frightful !” returned his companion. “Anything is better than passive submission in such circumstances. I see but little, indeed no hope of escape ; but idleness is torture. If I endeavour to raise this boat, will you aid me ?”

“Command me like your slave. Would to Heaven there were the faintest prospects of success !”

“There is but little ; and should we even succeed, there are no means of getting far from the ship in the launch, as all the oars have been carried off by the captain, and I can hear of neither masts nor sails. Had we the latter, with this wind which is beginning to blow we might indeed prolong the uncertainty, by getting on some of those more distant spits of sand.”

“ Then, in the name of the blessed Maria !” exclaimed one behind them in French, “ delay not an instant, and all on board will join in the labour !”

The gentlemen turned in surprise, and beheld Mademoiselle Viefville standing so near them as to have overheard their conversation. Accustomed to depend on herself, coming of a people among whom woman is more energetic and useful, perhaps, than in any other Christian nation, and resolute of spirit naturally, this cultivated and generous female had come on deck purposely to see if indeed there remained no means by which they might yet escape the Arabs. Had her knowledge of a vessel at all equalled her resolution, it is probable that many fruitless expedients would already have been adopted ; but finding herself in a situation so completely novel as that of a ship, until now she had found no occasion to suggest anything that her companions would be likely to lend themselves to. But, seizing the hint of Paul, she pressed it on him with ardour, and, after a few minutes of urging,

by her zeal and persuasion she prevailed on the two gentlemen to commence the necessary preparations without further delay. John Effingham and Saunders were immediately summoned by Mademoiselle Viefville herself, who, once engaged in the undertaking, pursued it fervently, while she went in person into the cabins to make the necessary preparations connected with their subsistence and comforts, should they actually succeed in quitting the vessel.

No experienced mariner could set about the work with more discretion, or a better knowledge of what was necessary to be done, than Mr. Blunt now showed. Saunders was directed to clear the launch, which had a roof on it, and still contained a respectable provision of poultry, sheep, and pigs. The roof he was told not to disturb, since it might answer as a substitute for a deck; but everything was passed rapidly from the inside of the boat, which the steward commenced scrubbing and cleaning with an assiduity that he seldom manifested in his cabins. Fortunately, the tackles

with which Mr. Leach had raised the sheers and stepped the jury-mast the previous morning were still lying on the deck, and Paul was spared the labour of reeving new ones. He went to work, therefore, to get up two on the substitute for a main-stay; a job that he had completed, through the aid of the two gentlemen on deck, by the time Saunders pronounced the boat to be in a fit condition to receive its cargo. The gripes were now loosened, and the fall of one of the tackles was led to the capstan.

By this time Mademoiselle Viefville, by her energy and decision, had so far aroused Eve and her woman, that Mr. Effingham had left his daughter, and appeared on deck among those who were assisting Paul. So intense was the interest, however, which all took in the result, that the ladies, and even Anne Sidley, with the *femme de chambre*, suspended their own efforts, and stood clustering around the capstan as the gentlemen began to heave, almost breathless between their doubts and hopes; for it was a matter of serious question

whether there was sufficient force to lift so heavy a body at all. Turn after turn was made, the fall gradually tightening, until those at the bars felt the full strain of their utmost force.

“Heave together, gentlemen,” said Paul Blunt, who directed everything, besides doing so much with his own hands. “We have its weight now, and all we gain is so much towards lifting the boat.”

A steady effort was continued for two or three minutes, with but little sensible advantage, when all stopped for breath.

“I fear it will surpass our strength,” observed Mr. Sharp. “The boat seems not to have moved, and the ropes are stretched in a way to menace parting.”

“We want but the force of a boy added to our own,” said Paul, looking doubtfully towards the females; “in such cases a pound counts for a ton.”

“*Allons!*” cried Mademoiselle Viefville, motioning to the *femme de chambre* to follow;

“ we will not be defeated for the want of such a trifle.”

These two resolute women applied their strength to the bars, and the power, which had been so equally balanced, preponderated in favour of the machine. The capstan, which a moment before was scarcely seen to turn, and that only by short and violent efforts, now moved steadily but slowly round, and the end of the launch rose. Eve was only prevented from joining the labourers by Nanny, who held her folded in her arms, fearful that some accident might occur to injure her.

Paul Blunt now cheerfully announced the certainty that they had a force sufficient to raise the boat, though the operation would still be long and laborious. We say, cheerfully ; for while this almost unhopèd-for success promised little relief in the end, there is always something buoyant and encouraging in success of any sort.

“ We are masters of the boat,” he said, “ provided the Arabs do not molest us ; and

we may drift away, by means of some contrivance of a sail, to such a distance as will keep us out of their power, until all chance of seeing our friends again is finally lost."

"This, then, is a blessed relief!" exclaimed Mr. Effingham; "and God may yet avert from us the bitterest portion of this calamity!"

The pent emotions again flowed, and Eve once more wept in her father's arms, a species of holy joy mingling with her tears. In the mean time, Paul, having secured the fall by which they had just been heaving, brought the other to the capstan, when the operation was renewed with the same success. In this manner in the course of half an hour the launch was caused to hang suspended from the stay, at a sufficient height to apply the yard-tackles. As the latter, however, were not aloft, Paul having deemed it wise to ascertain their ability to lift the boat at all, before he threw away so much toil, the females renewed their preparations in the cabins, while the gentlemen assisted the young sailor in getting up the purchases. During this pause in the heaving,

Saunders was sent below to search for sails and masts, both of which Paul thought must be somewhere in the ship, as he found the launch was fitted to them.

It was apparent, in the mean time, that the Arabs watched their proceedings narrowly ; for the moment Paul appeared on the yard a great movement took place among them, and several muskets were discharged in the direction of the ship, though the distance rendered the fire harmless. The gentlemen observed with concern that the balls passed the vessel,—a fearful proof of the extraordinary power of the arms used by these barbarians. Luckily the reef, which by this time was nearly bare ahead of the ship, was still covered in a few places nearer to the shore to a depth that forbade a passage, except by swimming. John Effingham, however, who was examining the proceedings of the Arabs with a glass, announced that a party appeared disposed to get on the naked rocks nearest the ship, as they had left the shore, dragging some light spars after them, with which they seemed to be about to

bridge the different places of deep water, most of which were sufficiently narrow to admit of being passed in this manner.

Although the operation commenced by the Arabs would necessarily consume a good deal of time, this intelligence quickened the movements of all in the ship. Saunders, in particular, who had returned to report his want of success, worked with redoubled zeal; for, as is usual with those who are the least fortified by reason, he felt the greatest horrors of falling into the hands of barbarians. It was a slow and laborious thing, notwithstanding, to get upon the yards the heavy blocks and falls; and had not Paul Blunt been quite as conspicuous for personal strength as he was ready and expert in a knowledge of his profession, he would not have succeeded in the unaided effort; — unaided aloft, though the others, of course, relieved him much by working at the whips on deck. At length this important arrangement was effected, and the young man descended, and had the capstan manned again.

This time the females were not required, it being in the power of the gentlemen to heave the launch out to the side of the ship, Paul managing the different falls so adroitly, that the heavy boat was brought so near, and yet so much above the rail, as to promise to clear it. John Effingham now stood at one of the stay-tackle falls, and Paul at the other, when the latter made a signal to ease away. The launch settled slowly towards the side of the vessel until it reached the rail, against which it lodged. Catching a turn with his fall, Mr. Blunt sprang forward, and bending beneath the boat, he saw that its keel had hit a belaying-pin. One blow from a capstan-bar cleared away this obstruction, and then the boat swung off. The stay-tackle falls were let go entirely, and all on board saw, with an exultation that words can scarcely describe, the important craft suspended directly over the sea. No music ever sounded more sweetly to the listeners than the first plash of the massive boat as it fell heavily upon the surface of the water. Its size, its roof, and its great strength gave it

an appearance of security, that for the moment deceived them all; for, in contemplating the advantage they had so unexpectedly gained, they forgot the many obstacles that existed to their availing themselves of it.

It was not many minutes before Paul was on the roof of the launch, had loosened the tackles, and had breasted the boat to at the side of the ship, in readiness to receive the stores that the females had collected. In order that the reader may better understand the nature of the ark that was about to receive those who remained in the Montauk, it may be well to describe it.

The boat itself was large, strong, and capable of resisting a heavy sea when well managed, and, of course, unwieldy in proportion. To pull it, at a moderate rate, eight or ten large oars were necessary; whereas, all the search of the gentlemen could not find one. They succeeded, however, in discovering a rudder and tiller, appliances not always used in launches, and Paul Blunt shipped them instantly. Around the gunwales of the boat,

stanchions, which sustained a slightly-rounded roof, were fitted, a provision that it is usual to make in the packets, in order to protect the stock they carry against the weather. This stock having been turned loose on the deck, and the interior cleaned, the latter now presented a snug and respectable cabin; one coarse and cramped, compared with those of the ship certainly, but one, on the other hand, that might well be deemed a palace by shipwrecked mariners. As it would be possible to keep this roof until compelled by bad weather to throw it away, Paul, who had never before seen a boat afloat with such a canopy, regarded it with delight; for it promised a protection to that delicate form he so much cherished in his inmost heart, that he had not even dared to hope for. Between the roof and gunwale of the boat, shutters buttoned in, so as to fill the entire space; and when these were in their places, the whole of the interior formed an enclosed apartment, of a height sufficient to allow even a man to stand erect without his hat. It is true, this arrangement rendered the

boat clumsy, and, to a certain extent, top-heavy and unmanageable; but so long as it could be retained, it also rendered it infinitely more comfortable than it could possibly be without it. The roof, moreover, might be cut away in five minutes, at any time, should circumstances require it.

Paul had just completed a hasty survey of his treasure, for such he now began to consider the launch, when, casting his eyes upward, with the intention to mount the ship's side, he saw Eve looking down at him, as if to read their fate in the expression of his own countenance.

"The Arabs," she hurriedly remarked, "are moving along the reef, as my father says, faster than he could wish, and all our hopes are centred in you and the boat. The first, I know, will not fail us, so long as your means allow; but can we do anything with the launch?"

"For the first time, dearest Miss Effingham, I see a little chance of rescuing ourselves from the grasp of these barbarians.

There is no time to lose, but everything must be passed into the boat with as little delay as possible."

"Bless you, bless you, Blunt, for this gleam of hope! Your words are cordials, and our lives can scarcely serve to prove the gratitude we owe you."

This was said naturally, and as one expresses a strong feeling, without reflection, or much weighing of words; but even at that fearful moment, it thrilled on every pulse of the young man. The ardent look that he gave the beautiful girl caused her to redden to the temples, and she hastily withdrew.

The gentlemen now began to pass into the boat the different things that had been provided, principally by the foresight of Mademoiselle Viefville, where they were received by Paul, who thrust them beneath the roof without stopping to lose the precious moments in stowage. They included mattresses, the trunks that contained their ordinary sea-attire, or those that were not stowed in the baggage-room, blankets, counterpanes, potted meats,

bread, wine, various condiments and prepared food, from the stores of Saunders, and generally such things as had presented themselves in the hurry of the moment. Nearly half of the articles were rejected by Paul, as unnecessary, though he received many in consideration of the delicacy of his feebler companions, which would otherwise have been cast aside. When he found, however, that food enough had been passed into the boat to supply the wants of the whole party for several weeks, he solicited a truce, declaring it indiscreet to render themselves uselessly uncomfortable in this manner, to say nothing of the effect on the boat. The great requisite, water, was still wanting, and he now desired that the two domestics might get into the boat to arrange the different articles, while he endeavoured to find something that might serve as a substitute for sails, and obtain the all-important supply.

His attention was first given to the water, without which all the other preparations would be rendered totally useless. Before setting

about this, however, he stole a moment to look into the state of things among the Arabs. It was indeed time, for the tide had now fallen so low as to leave the rocks nearly bare, and several hundreds of the barbarians were advancing along the reef, towing their bridge, the slow progress of which alone prevented them from coming up, at once, to the point opposite the ship. Paul saw there was not a moment to lose, and, calling Saunders, he hurried below.

Three or four small casks were soon found, when the steward brought them to the tank to be filled. Luckily the water had not to be pumped off, but it ran, in a stream, into the vessel that was placed to receive it. As soon as one cask was ready, it was carried on deck by the gentlemen, and was struck into the boat with as little delay as possible. The shouts of the Arabs now became audible, even to those who were below, and it required great steadiness of nerve to continue the all-important preparation. At length the last of the casks was filled, when Paul rushed on deck, for, by this time, the cries of the barbarians

proclaimed their presence near the ship. When he reached the rail, he found the reef covered with them, some hailing the vessel, others menacing, hundreds still busied with their floating bridge, while a few endeavoured to frighten those on board by discharging their muskets over their heads. Happily, aim was impossible, so long as care was taken not to expose the body above the bulwarks.

“We have not a moment to lose!” cried Mr. Effingham, on whose bosom Eve lay, nearly incapable of motion. “The food and water are in the boat, and in the name of a merciful God, let us escape from this scene of frightful barbarity!”

“The danger is not yet so inevitable,” returned Paul, steadily. “Frightful and pressing as it truly seems, we have yet a few minutes to think in. Let me entreat that Miss Effingham and Mademoiselle Viefville will receive a drop of this cordial.”

He poured into a glass a little of a restorative from a bottle that had been left on the

capstan, as superfluous, in the confusion of providing stores, and held it to the pallid lips of Eve. As she swallowed a mouthful, nearly as helpless as the infant that receives nourishment from the hand of its nurse, the blood returned, and raising herself from her father's arms, she smiled, though with an effort, and thanked him for his care.

"It was a dread moment," she said, passing a hand over her brow; "but it is past, and I am better. Mademoiselle Viefville will be obliged to you, also, for a little of this."

The firm-minded and spirited Frenchwoman, though pale as death, and evidently suffering under extreme apprehension, put aside the glass courteously, declining its contents.

"We are sixty fathoms from the rocks," said Paul calmly, "and they must cross this ditch yet, to reach us. None of them seem disposed to attempt it by swimming, and their bridge, though ingeniously put together, may not prove long enough."

"Would it be safe for the ladies to get into

the boat where she lies, exposed as they would be to the muskets of the Arabs?" inquired Mr. Sharp.

"All that shall be remedied," returned Paul. "I cannot quit the deck; would you," slightly bowing to Mr. Sharp, "go below again, with Saunders, and look for some light sail? without one, we cannot move away from the ship, even when in the boat. I see a suitable spar and the necessary rigging on deck; but the canvass must be looked for in the sail-room. It is a nervous thing, I confess, to be below at such a moment; but you have too much faith in us to dread being deserted."

Mr. Sharp grasped his hand as a pledge of his perfect reliance on the other's faith, but he could not speak. Calling Saunders, the steward received his instructions, when the two went hastily below.

"I could wish the ladies were in the boat with their women," said Paul, for Anne Sidley and the *femme de chambre* were still in the launch, busied in disposing of its mixed cargo of stores, though concealed from the Arabs by

the roof and shutters; "but it would be hazardous to attempt it while exposed to the fire from the reef. We shall have to change the position of the ship in the end, and it may as well be done at once."

Beckoning to John Effingham to follow, he went forward to examine into the movements of the Arabs, once more, before he took any decided step. The two gentlemen placed themselves behind the high defences of the fore-castle, where they had a fair opportunity of reconnoitring their assailants, the greater height of the ship's deck completely concealing all that passed on it from the sight of those on the rocks.

The barbarians, who seemed to be, and who in truth were, fully apprised of the defenceless and feeble condition of the party on board, were at work without the smallest apprehension of receiving any injury from that quarter. Their great object was to get possession of the ship, before the returning water should again drive them from the rocks. In order to effect this, they had placed all who were willing and

sufficiently subordinate on the bridge, though a hundred were idle, shouting, clapping their hands, menacing, and occasionally discharging a musket, of which there were probably fifty in their possession.

“ They work with judgment at their pontoon,” said Paul, after he had examined the proceedings of those on the reef for a few minutes. “ You may perceive that they have dragged the outer end of the bridge up to windward, and have just shoved it from the rocks, with the intention to permit it to drift round, until it shall bring up against the bows of the ship, when they will pour on board like so many tigers. It is a disjointed and loose contrivance, that the least sea would derange ; but in this perfectly smooth water it will answer their purpose. It moves slowly, but will surely drift round upon us in the course of fifteen or twenty minutes more ; and of this they appear to be quite certain themselves, for they seem as well satisfied with their work as if already assured of its complete success.”

“ It is, then, important to us to be prompt, since our time will be so brief.”

“ We will be prompt, but in another mode. If you will assist me a little, I think this effort, at least, may be easily defeated, after which it will be time enough to think of escape.”

Paul, aided by John Effingham, now loosened the chains altogether from the bitts, and suffered the ship to drop astern. As this was done silently and stealthily, it occupied several minutes ; but the wind being by this time fresh, the huge mass yielded to its power with certainty ; and when the bridge had floated round in a direct line from the reef, or dead to leeward, there was a space of water between its end and the ship of more than a hundred feet. The Arabs had rushed on it in readiness to board ; but they set up a yell of disappointment as soon as the truth was discovered. A tumult followed ; several fell from the wet and slippery spars ; but, after a short time wasted in confusion and clamour, the directions of their chiefs were obeyed, and they set to work

with energy to break up their bridge, in order to convert its materials into a raft.

By this time Mr. Sharp and Saunders had returned, bringing with them several light sails, such as spare royals and top-gallant studding-sails. Paul next ordered a spare mizen-top-gallant mast, with a top-gallant studding-sail boom, and a quantity of light rope to be laid in the gangway, after which he set about the final step. As time now pressed in earnest, the Arabs working rapidly and with increasing shouts, he called upon all the gentlemen for assistance, giving such directions as should enable them to work with intelligence.

“Bear a hand, Saunders,” he said, having taken the steward forward with him, as one more accustomed to ships than the others; “bear a hand, my fine fellow, and light up this chain. Ten minutes just now are of more value than a year at another time.”

“’Tis awful, Mr. Blunt, sir—werry awful, I do confirm,” returned the steward, blubbering and wiping his eyes between the drags at the chains. “Such a fate to befall such cabins,

sir !—And the crockery of the werry best quality out of London or New York ! Had I diwined such an issue for the Montauk, sir, I never would have counselled Captain Truck to lay in half the stores we did, and most essentially not the new lots of vines. Oh ! sir, it is truly awful to have such a calamity wisit so much elegant preparation !”

“ Forget it all, my fine fellow, and light up the chain. Ha !—she touches abaft ! Ten or fifteen fathoms more will answer.”

“ I ’ve paid great dewotion to the silver, Mr. Blunt, sir, for it ’s all in the launch, even to the broken mustard-spoon ; and I do hope, if Captain Truck’s soul is permitted to superintend the pantry any longer, it will be quite beatified and encouraged with my prudence and oversight. I left all the rest of the table-furniture, sir ; though I suppose these *muscle*-men will not have much use for any but the oyster-knives, as I am informed they eat with their fingers. I declare it is quite oppressive and unhuman to have such wagabonds rummaging one’s lockers !”

“ Rouse away, my man, and light up ! the ship has caught the breeze on her larboard-bow, and begins to take the chain more freely. Remember that precious beings depend on us for safety !”

“ Ay, ay, sir ; light up, it is. I feel quite a concern for the ladies, sir, and more especially for the stores we abandon to the underwriters. A better-found ship never came out of St. Catherine’s Docks or the East River, particularly in the pantry department ; and I wonder what these wretches will do with her. They will be quite abashed with her conveniences, sir, and unable to enjoy them. Poor Toast, too ! he will have a monstrous unpleasant time with the *muscle*-men ; for he never eats fish, and has quite a genteel and ameliorated way with him. I shouldn’t wonder if he forgot all I have taken so much pains to teach him, sir, unless he’s dead ; in which case it will be of no use to him, sir.”

“ That will do,” interrupted Paul, ceasing his labour ; “ the ship is aground from forward aft. We will now hurry the spars and sails

into the boat, and let the ladies get into her."

In order that the reader may better understand the present situation of the ship, it may be necessary to explain what Mr. Powis and the steward had been doing all this time. By paying out the chains, the ship had fallen farther astern, until she took the ground abaft on the edge of the sand-bank so often mentioned; and, once fast at that end, her bows had fallen off, pressed by the wind, as long as the depth of the water would allow. She now lay aground forward and aft, with her larboard side to the reef, and the launch between the vessel and the naked sands completely covered from the observations and assaults of the barbarians by the former."

Eve, Mademoiselle Viefville, and Mr. Effingham now got into the launch, while the others still remained in the ship to complete the preparations.

"They get on fast with their raft," said Paul, while he both worked himself and directed the labour of the others, "though we

shall be safe here until they actually quit the rocks. Their spars will be certain to float down upon the ship ; but the movement will necessarily be slow, as the water is too deep to admit of setting, even if they had poles, of which I see none. Throw these spare sails on the roof of the launch, Saunders. They may be wanted before we reach a port, should God protect us long enough to effect so much. Pass two compasses also into the boat, with all the carpenter's tools that have been collected."

While giving these orders, Paul was busied in sawing off the larger end of the pole-mizen-top-gallant-mast, to convert it into a spar for the launch. This was done by the time he ceased speaking ; a step was made, and, jumping down on the roof of the boat, he cut out a hole to receive it, at a spot he had previously marked for that purpose. By the time he had done, the spar was ready to be entered, and in another minute they had the satisfaction of seeing a very sufficient mast in its place. A royal was also stretched to its yard, and hal-yards, tack and sheet, being bent, everything

was ready to run up a sail at a moment's warning. As this supplied the means of motion, the gentlemen began to breathe more freely, and to bethink them of those minor comforts and essentials that in the hurry of such a scene would be likely to be overlooked. After a few more busy minutes all was pronounced to be ready, and John Effingham began seriously to urge the party to quit the ship; but Paul still hesitated. He strained his eyes in the direction of the wreck, in the vain hope of yet receiving succour from that quarter; but, of course, uselessly, as it was about the time when Captain Truck was warping off with his raft, in order to obtain an offing. Just at this moment a party of twenty Arabs got upon the spars, which they had brought together into a single body, and began to drift down slowly upon the ship.

Paul cast a look about him to see if anything else that was useful could be found, and his eyes fell upon the gun. It struck him that it might be made serviceable as a scarecrow in forcing their way through the inlet, and he

determined to lodge it on the roof of the launch, for the present at least, and to throw it overboard as soon as they got out into rough water, if indeed they should be so fortunate as to get outside the reef at all. The stay and yard tackles offered the necessary facilities, and he instantly slung the piece. A few rounds of the capstan lifted it from the deck, a few more bore it clear of the side, and then it was easily lowered on the roof, Saunders being sent into the boat to set up a stanchion beneath, in order that its weight might do no injury.

The gentlemen at last got into the launch, with the exception of Paul, who still lingered in the ship watching the progress of the Arabs, and making his calculations for the future.

It required great steadiness of nerve, perfect self-reliance, and an entire confidence in his resources and knowledge, for one to remain a passive spectator of the slow drift of the raft, while it gradually settled down on the ship. As it approached, Paul was seen by those on it, and, with the usual duplicity of barbarians, they made signs of amity and encouragement. These

signs did not deceive the young man, however, who only remained to be a closer observer of their conduct, thinking some useful hint might thus be obtained, though his calmness so far imposed on the Arabs that they even made signs to him to throw them a rope. Believing it now time to depart, he answered the signal favourably, and disappeared from their sight.

Even in descending to the boat this trained and cool young seaman betrayed no haste. His movements were quick, and everything was done with readiness and knowledge certainly, but no confusion or trepidation occasioned the loss of a moment. He hoisted the sail, brought down the tack, and then descended beneath the roof, having first hauled in the painter, and given the boat a long and vigorous shove, to force it from the side of the vessel. By this last expedient he at once placed thirty feet of water between the boat and the Montauk, a space that the Arabs had no means of overcoming. As soon as he was beneath the roof the sheet was hauled in, and Paul seized the tiller, which had been made, by means of a

narrow cut in the boards, to play in one of the shutters. Mr. Sharp took a position in the bows, where he could see the sands and channels through the crevices, directing the other how to steer; and, just as a shout announced the arrival of the raft at the other side of the ship, the flap of their sail gave to those in the boat the welcome intelligence that they had got so far from her cover as to feel the force of the wind.

CHAPTER II.

“Speed, gallant bark ! richer cargo is thine,
Than Brazilian gem, or Peruvian mine ;
And the treasures thou bearest, thy destiny wait,
For hey, if thou perish, must share in thy fate.”

PARK.

THE departure of the boat was excellently timed. Had it left the side of the ship while the Arabs on the raft were unoccupied, and at a little distance, it would have been exposed to their fire ; for at least a dozen of those who boarded had muskets ; whereas the boat now glided away to leeward, while they were busy in getting up her side, or were so near the ship as not to be able to see the launch at all. When Paul Powis, who was looking astern through a crevice, saw the first Arab on the deck of the Montauk, the launch was already near a cable's length from her, running with

a fresh and free wind into one of the numerous little channels that intersected the naked banks of sand. The unusual construction of the boat, with its enclosed roof, and the circumstance that no one was visible on board her, had the effect to keep the barbarians passive, until distance put her beyond the reach of danger. A few muskets were discharged, but they were fired at random, and in the bravado of a semi-savage state of feeling.

Paul kept the launch running off free, until he was near a mile from the ship, when, finding he was approaching the reef to the northward and eastward, and that a favourable sand-bank lay a short distance ahead, he put down the helm, let the sheet fly, and the boat's fore-foot shot up on the sands. By a little management, the launch was got broadside to the bank, the water being sufficiently deep, and, when it was secured, the females were enabled to land through the opening of a shutter.

The change from the apparent hopelessness of their situation, an hour or two before, and their present security, was so great, as to

render the whole party comparatively happy. Paul and John Effingham united in affirming it would be quite possible to reach one of the islands to leeward in so good a boat, and that they ought to deem themselves fortunate, under the circumstances, in being the masters of a little bark so well found in every essential. Eve and Mademoiselle Viefville, who had fervently returned their thanks to the Great Ruler of events, while in the boat, walked about the hard sand with even a sense of enjoyment, and smiles began again to brighten the beautiful features of the first. Mr. Effingham declared, with a grateful heart, that in no park, or garden, had he ever before met with a promenade that seemed so delightful as this spot of naked and moistened sand, on the sterile coast of the Great Desert. Its charm was its security, for its distance from every point that could be approached by the Arabs rendered it, in their eyes, a paradise.

Paul Powis, however, though he maintained a cheerful air, and the knowledge that he had been so instrumental in saving the party

lightened his heart of a load, and disposed him even to gaiety, was not without some lingering remains of uneasiness. He remembered the boats of the Dane, and, as he thought it more than probable Captain Truck had fallen into the hands of the barbarians, he feared that the latter might yet find the means to lay hands on themselves. While he was at work fitting the rigging, and preparing a jigger, with a view to render the launch more manageable, he cast frequent uneasy glances to the northward, with a feverish apprehension that one of the so-long-wished-for boats might at length appear. Their friends he no longer expected, but his fears were all directed towards the premature arrival of enemies from that quarter. None appeared, however, and Saunders actually lighted a fire on the bank, and prepared the grateful refreshment of tea for the whole party ; none of which had tasted food since morning, though it was now drawing near night.

“ Our caterers,” said Paul, smiling, as he cast his eyes over the repast which Anne Sid-

ley had spread on the roof of the boat, where they were all seated on stools, boxes, and trunks, "our caterers have been of the gentler sex, as any one may see, for we have delicacies that are fitter for a banquet than a desert."

"I thought Miss Eve would relish them, sir," Nanny meekly excused herself by saying; "she is not much accustomed to a coarse diet; and mamerzelle, too, likes niceties, as I believe is the case with all of French extraction."

Eve's eyes glistened, though she felt it necessary to say something by way of apology.

"Poor Anne has been so long accustomed to humour the caprices of a petted girl," she said, "that I fear those who will have occasion for all their strength may be the sufferers. I should regret it for ever, Mr. Powis, if *you*, who are every way of so much importance to us, should not find the food you like."

"I have very inadvertently and unwittingly drawn down upon myself the suspicion of being one of Mr. Monday's *gourmets*, a plain roast and boiled person," the young man answered laughingly, "when it was merely my

desire to express the pleasure I had in perceiving that those whose comfort and ease are of more account than anything else, have been so well cared for. I could almost starve with satisfaction, Miss Effingham, if I saw you free from suffering under the extraordinary circumstances in which we are placed."

Eve now looked grateful, and the emotion excited by this speech restored all that beauty which had so lately been chilled by fear.

"Did I not hear a dialogue between you and Mr. Saunders touching the merits of sundry stores that had been left in the ship?" asked John Effingham, looking at Paul for the answer, by way of relieving his cousin's distress.

"Indeed you might; for he relieved the time we were rousing at the chains with a beautiful Jeremiad on the calamities of the lockers. I fancy, steward, that you consider the misfortunes of the pantry as the heaviest disaster that has befallen the Montauk!"

Saunders seldom smiled. In this particular he resembled Captain Truck; the one subduing all light emotions from an inveterate habit

of serious comicality, and the responsibility of command ; and the other having lost most of his disposition to merriment, as the cart-horse loses his propensity to kick, from being over-worked. The steward, moreover, had taken up the conceit that it was indicative of a “nigger” to be merry ; and, between dignity, a proper regard to his colour—which was about halfway between that of a Gold Coast importation, and a rice-plantation overseer, down with the fever in his third season,—and dogged submission to unmitigated calls on his time, the prevailing character of the poor fellow’s physiognomy was that of a dolorous sentimentality. He believed himself to be materially refined by having had so much intimate communication with gentlemen and ladies suffering under sea-sickness, and he knew that no man in the ship could use language like that he had always at his fingers’ ends. While so strongly addicted to melancholy, therefore, he was fond of hearing himself talk ; and, palpably encouraged as he had now been by John Effingham and Paul, and a little emboldened by the fami-

liarity of what amounted to a shipwreck, he did not hesitate about mingling in the discourse, though holding the Effinghams habitually in awe.

“I esteem it a great privilege, ladies and gentlemen,” he observed as soon as Paul ceased, “to have the honour of being *wracked* (for so the steward, in conformity with the Doric of the forecastle, pronounced the word,) in such company. I should deem it a disgrace to be cast away in some society I could name, although I will predicate, as we say in America, nothing on their absence. As to what involves the stores, it surgested itself to me that the ladies would like delicate diet, and I intermated as much to Mrs. Sidley and t’other French waiting-woman. Do you imagine, gentlemen, that the souls of the dead are permitted to look back at such events of this life as touches their own private concerns and feelings?”

“That would depend, I should think, steward, on the nature of the employment of the souls themselves,” returned John Effingham.

“There must be certain souls to which any occupation would be more agreeable than that of looking behind them. But, may I ask why you inquire?”

“Because, Mr. John Effingham, sir, I do not believe Captain Truck can ever be happy in heaven as long as the ship is in the hands of the Arabs! If she had been honourably and fairly wracked, and the captain suffocated by drowning, he could go to sleep like another Christian; but, I do think, sir, if there be any special perdition for seamen, it must be to see their vessel rummaged by Arabs. I’ll warrant, now, those blackguards have had their fingers in everything already; sugar, chocolate, raisins, coffee, cakes, and all! I wonder who they think would like to use articles they have handled! And there is poor Toast, gentlemen, an aspiring and improving young man; one who had the materials of a good steward in him, though I can hardly say they were developed completely. I did look forward to the day when I could consign him to Mr. Leach as my own predecessor,

when Captain Truck and I should retire, as I have no doubt we should have done on the same day, but for this distressing accident. I devoutly pray that Toast is deceased, for I would rather any misfortune should befall him in the other world than that he should be compelled to associate with Arab niggers in this. Dead or alive, ladies, I am an advocate for a man's keeping himself respectable, and in proper company."

So elastic had the spirits of the whole become by their unlooked-for escape, that Saunders was indulged to the top of his humour, and while he served the meal, passing between his fire on the sands and the roof of the launch, he enjoyed a heartier gossip than any he had since they left the dock ; not even excepting those sniggering scenes with Mr. Toast in the pantry, in which he used to unbend himself a little, forgetting his dignity as steward in the native propensities of the black.

Paul Powis entered but a moment into the trifling, for on him rested the safety of all. He alone could navigate, or even manage the

boat in rough water ; and, while the others confided so implicitly in his steadiness and skill, he felt the usual burthen of responsibility. When the supper was ended, and the party were walking up and down the little islet of sand, he took his station on the roof therefore, and examined the proceedings of the Arabs with the glass. Mr. Sharp, with a species of chivalrous self-denial that was not lost on his companion, foregoing the happiness of walking at the side of Eve, to remain near him.

“The wretches have laid waste the cabins already !” observed Mr. Sharp, when Paul had been looking at the ship some little time. “That which it took months to produce they will destroy in an hour.”

“I do not see that,” returned Paul ; “there are but about fifty in the ship, and their efforts seem to be directed to hauling her over against the rocks. They have no means of landing their plunder where she lies ; and I suspect there is a sort of convention that all are to start fair. One or two, who appear to be chiefs, go in and out of the cabins ; but the rest are

actively engaged in endeavouring to move the ship !”

“ And with what success ?”

“ None, apparently. It exceeds their knowledge of mechanics to force so heavy a mass from its position. The wind has driven the ship firmly on the bank, and nothing short of the windlass, or capstan, can remove her. These ignorant creatures have got two or three small ropes between the vessel and the reef, and are pulling fruitlessly at both ends ! But *our* chief concern will be to find an outlet into the ocean, when we will make the best of our way towards the Cape de Verds.”

Paul now commenced a long and a close examination of the reef, to ascertain by what openings he might get the launch on the outside. To the northward of the great inlet there was a continued line of rocks, on which he was sorry to perceive armed Arabs beginning to show themselves ; a sign that the barbarians still entertained the hope of capturing the party. Southward of the inlet there were many places in which a boat might pass at half-tide,

and he trusted to getting through one of them as soon as it became dark. As the escape in the boat could not have been foreseen, the Arabs had not yet brought down upon them the boats of the wreck; but should morning dawn and find them still within the reef, he saw no hope of final escape against boats that would possess the advantage of oars, ignorant as the barbarians might be of their proper use.

Everything was now ready. The interior of the launch was divided into two apartments by counterpanes, trunks, and boxes; the females spreading their mattresses in the forward room, and the males in the other. Some of those profound interpreters of the law, who illustrate legislation by the devices of trade, had shipped in the Montauk several hundred rude leaden busts of Napoleon, with a view to save the distinction in duties between the metal manufactured and the metal unmanufactured. Four or five of these busts had been struck into the launch as ballast. They were now snugly stowed, together with the water,

and all the heavier articles, in the bottom of the boat. The jigger had been made and bent, and a suitable mast was stepped by means of the roof. In short, every provision for comfort or safety that Paul could think of had been attended to ; and everything was in readiness to re-embark as soon as the proper hour should arrive.

The gentler portion of the party were seated on the edge of the roof, watching the setting sun, and engaged in a discourse with feelings more attempered to their actual condition than had been the case immediately after their escape. The evening had a little of that wild and watery aspect that, about the same hour, had given Captain Truck so much concern ; but the sun dipped gorgeously into the liquid world of the West, and the whole scene, including the endless desert, the black reef, the stranded ship, and the movements of the bustling Arabs, was one of gloomy grandeur.

“ Could we foretel the events of a month,” said John Effingham, “ with what different feelings from the present would life be chequered.

When we left London, not twenty days since, our eyes and minds were filled with the movements, cares, refinements, and interest of a great and polished capital, and here we sit, houseless wanderers, gazing at an eventide on the coast of Africa! In this way, young men, and young ladies too, will you find, as life glides away, that the future will disappoint the expectations of the present moment!"

"All futures are not gloomy, cousin Jack," said Eve; "nor is all hope doomed to meet with disappointment. A merciful God cares for us when we are reduced to despair on our own account, and throws a ray of unexpected light on our darkest hours. Certainly we, of all his creatures, ought not to deny this!"

"I do not deny it. We have been rescued in a manner so simple as to seem unavoidable, and yet so unexpected as to be almost miraculous. Had not Mr. Blunt, or Mr. Powis, as you call him,—although I am not in the secret of the masquerade,—but, had not this gentleman been a seaman, it would have surpassed all our means to get this boat into the

water, or even to use her properly were she even launched. I look upon his profession as being the first great providential interference, or provision, in our behalf ; and his superior skill and readiness in that profession as a circumstance of no less importance to us."

Eve was silent ; but the glow in the western sky was scarcely more radiant and bright than the look she cast on the subject of the remark.

"It is no great merit to be a seaman, for the trade is like another, a mere matter of practice and education," observed Paul, after a moment of awkward hesitation. "If, as you say, I have been instrumental in serving you, I shall never regret the accidents—cruel accidents of my early life I had almost called them,—that cast my fortunes so early on the ocean."

A falling pin would have been heard, and all hoped the young man would proceed ; but he chose to be silent. Saunders happened to overhear the remark, for he was aiding Anne Sidley in the boat, and he took up the subject where it was left by the other, in a little aside with his companion.

“It is a misfortune that Mr. Dodge is not here to question the gentleman,” said the steward to his assistant, “and then we might hear more of this adventurer, which, I make no doubt, have been wery pathetic and romantical. Mr. Dodge is a genuine inquisitor, Mistress Anne; not such an inquisitor as burns people and flays them in pain, where I have been, but such an inquisitor as torments people, and of whom we have lots in America.”

“Let the poor man rest in peace!” said Nanny, sighing. “He’s gone to his great account, steward; and I fear we shall none of us make as good a figure as we might at the final settling. Besides, Miss Eve, I never knew a mortal that wasn’t more or less a sinner.”

“So they all say; and I must allow that my experience leans to the wicked side of the question. Captain Truck, now, was a worthy man; but he had his faults as well as Toast. In the first place, he would swear when things took him aback; and then, he had no prevarication about speaking his mind of a fellow-creature, if the coffee happened to be thick, or

the poultry didn't take fat kindly. I've known him box the compass with oaths if the ship was got in irons."

"It's very sinful; and it is to be feared that the poor man was made to think of all this in his latter moments."

"If the Arabs undertook to cannibalize him, I think he must have given it to them right and left," continued Saunders, wiping an eye, —for between him and the captain there had existed some such affection as the prisoner comes in time to feel for the handcuffs with which he amuses his *ennui*; "some of his oaths would choke a dog."

"Well, let him rest—let him rest. Providence is kind; and the poor man may have repented in season."

"And Toast, too! I'm sure, Mrs. Anne, I forgive Toast all the little mistakes he made, from the bottom of my heart; and particularly that affair of the beefsteak that he let fall into the coffee the morning Captain Truck took me so flat aback about it; and I pray most devoutly that the captain, now he has dropped

this mortal coil, and that there is nothing left of him but soul, may not find it out, lest it should breed ill-blood between them in heaven."

"Steward, you scarcely know what you say," interrupted Anne, who felt shocked at his ignorance, "and I will speak of it no more."

Mr. Saunders was compelled to acquiesce, and he amused himself by listening to what was said by those on the roof. As Paul did not choose to explain farther, however, the conversation was resumed as if he had said nothing. They talked of their escape, their hopes, and of the supposed fate of the rest of the party; the discourse leaving a feeling of sadness on all, that harmonized with the melancholy, but not unpicturesque, scene in which they were placed. At length the night set in; and, as it threatened to be dark and damp, the ladies early made their arrangements to retire. The gentlemen remained on the sands much later; and it was ten o'clock before Paul Powis and Mr. Sharp, who had assumed the watch, were left alone.

This was about an hour later than the period already described as the moment when Captain Truck disposed himself to sleep in the launch of the Dane. The weather had sensibly altered in the brief interval, and there were signs that, to the understanding of our young seaman, denoted a change. The darkness was intense. So deep and pitchy black, indeed, had the night become, that even the land was no longer to be distinguished, and the only clues the two gentlemen had to its position were the mouldering watch-fires of the Arab camp, and the direction of the wind.

“We will now make an attempt,” said Paul, stopping in his short walk on the sand, and examining the murky vault over head. “Midnight is near; and, by two o’clock the tide will be entirely up. It is a dark night to thread these narrow channels in, and to go out upon the ocean, too, in so frail a bark! But, the alternative is worse.”

“Would it not be better to allow the water to rise still higher? I see by these sands that it has not yet done coming in.”

“ There is not much tide in these low latitudes, and the little rise that is left may help us off a bank, should we strike one. If you will get upon the roof, I will bring in the grapnels and force the boat off.”

Mr. Sharp complied, and in a few minutes the launch was floating slowly away from the hospitable bank of sand. Paul hauled out the jigger, a small sprit-sail, that kept itself close-hauled, from being fastened to a stationary boom, and a little mast stepped quite aft, the effect of which was to press the boat against the wind. This brought the launch's head up, and it was just possible to see by close attention that they had a slight motion through the water.

“ I quit that bank of sand as one quits a tried friend,” said Paul, all the conversation now being in little more than whispers: “ when near it, I know where we are; but presently we shall be absolutely lost in this intense darkness.”

“ We have the fires of the Arabs for lighthouses still.”

“They may give us some faint notions of our position; but light like that is a very treacherous guide in so dark a night. We have little else to do but to keep an eye on the water, and to endeavour to get to windward.”

Paul set the lug-sail, into which he had converted the royal, and seated himself directly in the eyes of the boat, with a leg hanging down on each side of the cutwater. He had rigged lines to the tiller, and with one in each hand he steered, as if managing a boat with yoke-lines. Mr. Sharp was seated at hand, holding the sheet of the main-sail; a boat-hook and a light spar lying on the roof near by, in readiness to be used should they ground.

While on the bank, Paul had observed that, by keeping the boat near the wind, he might stretch through one of the widest of the channels for near two miles, unless disturbed by currents, and that, when at its southern end, he should be far enough to windward to fetch the inlet, but for the banks of sand that might

lie in his way. The distance had prevented his discerning any passage through the reef at the farther end of this channel ; but, the boat drawing only two feet of water, he was not without hopes of being able to find one. A chasm, that was deep enough to prevent the passage of the Arabs when the tide was in, would, he thought, certainly suffice for their purpose. The progress of the boat was steady, and reasonably fast ; but it was like moving in a mass of obscurity. The gentlemen watched the water a-head intently, with a view to avoid the banks, but with little success ; for, as they advanced, it was merely one pile of gloom succeeding another. Fortunately the previous observation of Paul availed them, and for more than half an hour their progress was uninterrupted.

“ They sleep in security beneath us,” said Paul, “ while we are steering almost at random. This is a strange and hazardous situation in which we are placed. The obscurity renders all the risks double.”

“ By the watch-fires, we must have nearly

crossed the bay, and I should think we are now quite near the southern reef."

"I think the same; but I like not this baffling of the wind. It comes fresher at moments, but it is in puffs, and I fear there will be a shift. It is now my best pilot."

"That and the fires."

"The fires are treacherous always. It looks darker than ever a-head!"

The wind ceased blowing altogether, and the duck of the sail fell in heavily. Almost at the same moment the launch lost its way, and Paul had time to thrust the boat-hook forward just in season to prevent its striking a rock."

"This is a part of the reef, then, that is never covered," he said. "If you will get on the rocks and hold the boat, I will endeavour to examine the place for a passage. Were we one hundred feet to the southward and westward, we should be in the open ocean, and comparatively safe."

Mr. Sharp complied, and Paul descended carefully on the reef, feeling his way in the intense darkness by means of the boat-hook.

He was absent ten minutes, moving with great caution, as there was the danger of his falling into the sea at every step. His friend began to be uneasy, and the whole of the jeopardy of their situation presented itself vividly to his mind in that brief space of time, should accident befall their only guide. He was looking anxiously in the direction in which Paul had disappeared, when he felt a gripe of his arm.

“Breathe even with care!” whispered Paul hurriedly. “These rocks are covered with Arabs, who have chosen to remain on the dry parts of the reef, in readiness for their plunder in the morning. Thank Heaven! I have found you again; for I was beginning to despair. To have called to you would have been certain capture, as eight or ten of the barbarians are sleeping within fifty feet of us. Get on the roof with the least possible noise, and leave the rest to me.”

As soon as Mr. Sharp was in the boat, Paul gave it a violent shove from the rocks, and sprang on the roof at the same moment. This forced the launch astern, and procured a mo-

mentary safety. But the wind had shifted. It now came baffling, and in puffs, from the Desert, a circumstance that brought them again to leeward.

“ This is the commencement of the trades,” said Paul ; “ they have been interrupted by the late gale, but are now returning. Were we outside the reef, our prayers could not be more kindly answered than by giving us this very wind ; but here, where we are, it comes unseasonably. Ha !—this, at least, helps her !”

A puff from the land filled the sails, and the ripple of the water at the stern was just audible. The helm was attended to, and the boat drew slowly from the reef and a-head.

“ We have all reason for gratitude ! That danger, at least, is avoided.—Ha ! the boat is aground !”

Sure enough the launch was on the sands. They were still so near the rocks as to require the utmost caution in their proceedings. Using the spar with great care, the gentlemen discovered that the boat hung astern, and there remained no choice but patience.

“ It is fortunate the Arabs have no dogs with them on the rocks : you hear them howling incessantly in their camps.”

“ It is, truly. Think you we can ever find the inlet in this deep obscurity ?”

“ It is our only course. By following the rocks we should be certain to discover it ; but you perceive they are already out of sight, though they cannot be thirty fathoms from us. The helm is free, and the boat must be clear of the bottom again. This last puff has helped us,”

Another silence succeeded, during which the launch moved slowly onward, though whither, neither of the gentlemen could tell ; but a single fire remained in sight, and that glimmered like a dying blaze. At times the wind came hot and arid, savouring of the Desert, and then intervals of death-like calm would follow. Paul watched the boat narrowly for half an hour, turning every breath of air to the best account, though he was absolutely ignorant of his position. The reef had not been seen again, and three several times they

grounded, the tide as often floating them off; the course, too, had been repeatedly varied. The result was, that painful and profound sensation of helplessness that overcomes us all when the chain of association is broken, and reason becomes an agent less useful than instinct.

“The last fire is extinct,” whispered Paul. “I fear that the day will dawn and find us still within the reef.”

“I see an object near us.—Can it be a high bank?”

The wind had entirely ceased, and the boat was almost without motion. Paul saw a darkness more intense even than common a-head of him, and he leaned forward, naturally raising a hand before him in precaution. Something he touched, he knew not what; but feeling a hard smooth surface, that he at first mistook for a rock, he raised his eyes slowly, and discerned, by the little light that lingered in the vault of heaven, a dim tracery that he recognised. His hand was on the quarter of the ship!

“ ’Tis the Montauk !” he whispered breathlessly, “ and her decks must be covered with Arabs. Hist !—do you hear nothing ?”

They listened, and smothered voices, those of the watch, mingled with low laughter, were quite audible. This was a crisis to disturb the coolness of one less trained and steady than Paul ; but he preserved his self-possession.

“ There is good as well as evil in this,” he whispered. “ I now know our precise position ; and, God be praised ! the inlet is near, could we but reach it. By a strong shove we can always force the launch from the vessel’s side, and prevent their boarding us ; and I think, with extreme caution, we may even haul the boat past the ship undetected.”

This delicate task was undertaken. It was necessary to avoid even a tread heavier than common, a fall of the boat-hook, or a collision with the vessel, as the slightest noise became distinctly audible in the profound stillness of deep night. Once enlightened as to his real position, however, Paul saw with his mind’s eye obstructions that another might not have

avoided. He knew exactly where to lay his hand, when to bear off, and when to approach nearer to the side of the ship, as he warily drew the boat along the massive hull. The yard of the launch luckily leaned towards the reef, and offered no impediment. In this manner, then, the two gentlemen hauled their boat as far as the bows of the ship, and Paul was on the point of giving a last push, with a view to shove it to as great a distance as possible a-head of the packet, when its movement was suddenly and violently arrested.

CHAPTER III.

And when the hours of rest
Come, like a calm upon the mid-sea brine,
Hushing its billowy breast—
The quiet of that moment, too, is thine ;
It breathes of him who keeps
The vast and helpless city while it sleeps.

BRYANT.

It was a chilling thing to meet with this unexpected and sudden check at a moment so critical. The first impression was, that some one of the hundreds of Arabs, who were known to be near, had laid a hand on the launch ; but this fear vanished on examination. No one was visible, and the side of the boat was untouched. The boat-hook could find no impediment in the water, and it was not possible that they could again be aground. Raising the boat-hook over his head, Paul soon detected the obstacle. The line used by the barbarians

in their efforts to move the ship was stretched from the forecastle to the reef, and it lay against the boat's mast. It was severed with caution; but the short end slipped from the hand of Mr. Sharp, who cut the rope, and it fell into the water. The noise was heard, and the watch on the deck of the ship made a rush towards her side.

No time was to be lost; but Paul, who still held the outer end of the line, pulled on it vigorously, hauling the boat swiftly from the ship, and, at the same time, a little in advance. As soon as this was done, he dropped the line and seized the tiller-ropes, in order to keep the launch's head in a direction between the two dangers—the ship and the reef. This was not done without some little noise; the footfall on the roof, and the splash of the water when it received the line, were audible; and even the element washed under the bows of the boat in a way to be heard. The Arabs of the ship called to those on the reef, and the latter answered. They took the alarm, and awoke their comrades, for, knowing as they did, that the

party of Captain Truck was still at liberty, they apprehended an attack.

The clamour and uproar that succeeded were terrific. Muskets were discharged at random, and the noises from the camp echoed the cries and tumult from the vessel and the rocks. Those who had been sleeping in the boat were rudely awaked, and Saunders actually joined in the cries through sheer fright. But the two gentlemen on deck, soon caused their companions to understand their situation, and to observe a profound silence.

“ They do not appear to see us,” whispered Paul to Eve, as he bent over, so as to put his head at an open window ; “ and a return of the breeze may still save us. There is a great alarm among them, and no doubt they know we are not distant ; but so long as they cannot tell precisely where, we are comparatively safe. Their cries do us good service as land-marks, and you may be certain I shall not approach the spots where they are heard. Pray Heaven for a wind, dearest Miss Effingham, pray Heaven for a wind !”

Eve silently, but fervently did pray, while the young man gave all his attention again to the boat. As soon as they were clear of the lee of the ship, the baffling puffs returned, and there were several minutes of a steady little breeze, during which the boat sensibly moved away from the noises of the ship. On the reef, however, the clamour still continued, and the gentlemen were soon satisfied that the Arabs had stationed themselves along the whole line of rocks, wherever the latter were bare at high water, as was now nearly the case to the northward as well as to the southward of the opening.

“The tide is still entering by the inlet,” said Paul, “and we have its current to contend with. It is not strong, but a trifle is important at a moment like this !”

“Would it not be possible to reach the bank inside of us, and to shove the boat a-head by means of these light spars ?” asked Mr. Sharp.

The suggestion was a good one ; but Paul was afraid the noise in the water might reach the Arabs, and expose the party to their fire,

as the utmost distance between the reef and the inner bank at that particular spot did not exceed a hundred fathoms. At length another puff of air from the land pressed upon their sails, and the water once more rippled beneath the bows of the boat. Paul's heart beat hard, and, as he managed the tiller-lines, he strained his eyes uselessly in order to penetrate the massive-looking darkness.

"Surely," he said to Mr. Sharp, who stood constantly at his elbow, "these cries are directly a-head of us! We are steering for the Arabs!"

"We have got wrong in the dark, then. Lose not a moment to keep the boat away, for here to leeward there are no noises."

As all this was self-evident, though confused in his reckoning, Paul put up the helm, and the boat fell off nearly dead before the wind. Her motion being now comparatively rapid, a few minutes produced an obvious change in the direction of the different groups of clamorous Arabs, though they also brought a material lessening in the force of the air.

“ I have it !” said Paul, grasping his companion almost convulsively by the arm. “ We are at the inlet, and heading, I trust, directly through it ! You hear the cries on our right ; they come from the end of the northern reef, while these on our left are from the end of the southern. The sounds from the ship, the direction of the land-breeze, our distance,—all confirm it, and Providence again befriends us !”

“ It will be a fearful error should we be mistaken !”

“ We cannot be deceived, since nothing else will explain the circumstances. There !—the boat feels the ground-swell—a blessed and certain sign that we are at the inlet ! Would that this tide were done, or that we had more wind !”

Fifteen feverish minutes succeeded. At moments the puffs of night-air would force the boat a-head, and then again it was evident by the cries that she fell astern under the influence of an adverse current. Neither was it easy to keep her on the true course, for the slightest variation from the direct line in a tide’s way

causes a vessel to sheer. To remedy the latter danger, Paul was obliged to watch his helm closely, having no other guide than the noisy and continued vociferations of the Arabs.

“ These liftings of the boat are full of hope,” resumed Paul ; “ I think, too, that they increase.”

“ I perceive but little difference, though I would gladly see all you wish.”

“ I am certain the swell increases, and that the boat rises and falls more frequently. You will allow there is a swell ?”

“ Quite obviously : I perceived it before we kept the boat away. This variable air is cruelly tantalizing !”

“ Sir George Templemore—Mr. Powis,” said a soft voice at a window beneath them.

“ Miss Effingham !” said Paul, so eager that he suffered the tiller-line to escape him.

“ These are frightful cries !—Shall we never be rid of them ?”

“ If it depended on me,—on either of us,—they should distress you no more. The boat is slowly entering the inlet, but has to struggle

with a head-tide. The wind baffles, and is light, or in ten minutes we should be out of danger."

"Out of this danger, but only to encounter another!"

"Nay, I do not think much of the risk of the ocean in so stout a boat. At the most, we may be compelled to cut away the roof, which makes our little bark somewhat clumsy in appearance, though it adds infinitely to its comfort. I think we shall soon get the trades, before which our launch, with its house even, will be able to make good weather."

"We are certainly nearer those cries than before!"

Paul felt his cheek glow, and his hand hurriedly sought the tiller-line, for the boat had sensibly sheered towards the northern reef. A puff of air helped to repair his oversight, and all in the launch soon perceived that the cries were gradually but distinctly drawing more aft.

"The current lessens," said Paul, "and it is full time; for it must be near high water. We

shall soon feel it in our favour, when all will be safe !”

“ This is indeed blessed tidings ! and no gratitude can ever repay the debt we owe you, Mr. Powis !”

The puffs of air now required all the attention of Paul, for they again became variable, and at last the wind drew directly a-head in a continued current for half an hour. As soon as this change was felt, the sails were trimmed to it, and the boat began again to stir the water under her bows.

“ The shift was so sudden, that we cannot be mistaken in its direction,” Paul remarked ; “ besides, those cries still serve as pilots. Never was uproar more agreeable.”

“ I feel the bottom with this spar !” said Mr. Sharp suddenly.

“ Merciful Providence protect and shield the weak and lovely——”

“ Nay, I feel it no longer : we are already in deeper water.”

“ It was the rock on which the seaman stood when we entered !” Paul exclaimed, breathing

more freely. "I like those voices settling more under our lee, too. We will keep this tack" (the boat's head was to the northward) "until we hit the reef, unless warned off again by the cries."

The boat now moved at the rate of five miles in the hour, or faster than a man walks, even when in quick motion. Its rising and falling denoted the long heavy swell of the ocean, and the wash of water began to be more and more audible, as she settled into the sluggish swells.

"That sounds like the surf on the reef," continued Paul; "everything denotes the outside of the rocks."

"God send it prove so!"

"That is clearly a sea breaking on a rock! It is awkwardly near, and to leeward, and yet it is sweet to the ear as music."

The boat stood steadily on, making narrow escapes from jutting rocks, as was evinced by the sounds, and once or twice by the sight even; but the cries shifted gradually, and were soon quite astern. Paul knew that the reef trended east soon after passing the inlet, and

he felt the hope that they were fast leaving its western extremity, or the part that ran the farthest into the ocean; after effecting which, there would be more water to leeward, his own course being nearly north, as he supposed.

The cries drew still farther aft, and more distant, and the sullen wash of the surf was no longer so near as to seem fresh and tangible.

“Hand me the lead and line, that lie at the foot of the mast, if you please,” said Paul. “Our water seems sensibly to deepen, and the seas have become more regular.”

He hove a cast, and found six fathoms of water; a proof, he thought, that they were quite clear of the reef.

“Now, dear Mr. Effingham, Miss Effingham, mademoiselle,” he cried cheerfully, “now I believe we may indeed deem ourselves beyond the reach of the Arabs, unless a gale force us again on their inhospitable shore.”

“Is it permitted to speak?” asked Mr. Effingham, who had maintained a steady but almost breathless silence.

“Freely: we are quite beyond the reach of

the voice ; and this wind, though blowing from a quarter I do not like, is carrying us away from the wretches rapidly."

It was not safe in the darkness, and under the occasional heaves of the boat, for the others to come on the roof ; but they opened the shutters, and looked out upon the gloomy water with a sense of security they could not have deemed possible for people in their situation. The worst was over for the moment, and there is a relief in present escape that temporarily conceals future dangers. They could converse without the fear of alarming their enemies, and Paul spoke encouragingly of their prospects. It was his intention to stand to the northward until he reached the wreck, when, failing to get any tidings of their friends, he would make the best of their way to the nearest island to leeward.

With this cheering news the party below again disposed themselves to sleep, while the two young men maintained their posts on the roof.

"We must resemble an ark," said Paul

laughing, as he seated himself on a box near the stem of the boat, "and I should think would frighten the Arabs from an attack, had they even the opportunity to make one. This house we carry will prove a troublesome companion, should we encounter a heavy and a head sea."

"You say it may easily be gotten rid of."

"Nothing would be easier, the whole apparatus being made to ship and unship. *Before* the wind we might carry it a long time, and it would even help us along; but *on* a wind it makes us a little top-heavy, besides giving us a leeward set. In the event of rain, or of bad weather of any sort, it would be a treasure to us all, more especially to the females, and I think we had better keep it as long as possible."

The half hour of breeze already mentioned sufficed to carry the boat some distance to the northward, when it failed, and the puffs from the land returned. Paul supposed they were quite two miles from the inlet, and, trying the lead, he found ten fathoms of water, a proof

that they had also gradually receded from the shore. Still nothing but a dense darkness surrounded them, though there could no longer be the smallest doubt of their being in the open ocean.

For near an hour the light baffling air came in puffs, as before, during which time the launch's head was kept, as near as the two gentlemen could judge, to the northward, making but little progress; and then the breeze drew gradually round into one quarter, and commenced blowing with a steadiness that they had not experienced before that night. Paul suspected this change, though he had no certain means of knowing it; for as soon as the wind baffled, his course had got to be conjectural again. As the breeze freshened, the speed of the boat necessarily augmented, though she was kept always on a wind; and after half an hour's progress, the gentlemen became once more uneasy as to the direction.

"It would be a cruel and awkward fate to hit the reef again," said Paul; "and yet I

cannot be sure that we are not running directly for it."

"We have compasses: let us strike a light and look into the matter."

"It were better had we done this more early, for a light might now prove dangerous, should we really have altered the course in this intense darkness. There is no remedy, however, and the risk must be taken. I will first try the lead again."

A cast was made, and the result was two and a half fathoms of water.

"Put the helm down!" cried Paul, springing to the sheet: "lose not a moment, but down with the helm!"

The boat did not work freely under her imperfect sail and with the reef she carried, and a moment of painful anxiety succeeded. Paul managed, however, to get a part of the sail aback, and he felt more secure.

"The boat has stern-way: shift the helm, Mr. Sharp."

This was done, the yard was dipped, and

the two young men felt a relief almost equal to that they had experienced on clearing the inlet, when they found the launch again drawing a-head, obedient to her rudder.

“We are near something, reef or shore,” said Paul, standing with the lead-line in his hand, in readiness to heave. “I think it can hardly be the first, as we hear no Arabs.”

Waiting a few minutes, he hove the lead, and, to his infinite joy, got three fathoms fairly.

“That is good news. We are hauling off the danger, whatever it may be,” he said, as he felt the mark: “and now for the compass.”

Saunders was called, a light was struck, and the compasses were both examined. These faithful but mysterious guides, which have so long served man while they have baffled all his ingenuity to discover the secret sources of their power, were, as usual, true to their governing principle. The boat was heading north-north-west; the wind was at north-east, and before they tacked they had doubtless been standing directly for the beach, from which

they could not have been distant a half quarter of a mile, if so much. A few more minutes would have carried them into the breakers, capsized the boat, and most probably drowned all below the roof, if not those on it.

Paul shuddered as these facts forced themselves on his attention, and he determined to stand on his present course for two hours, when daylight would render his return towards the land without danger.

“This is the trade,” he said, “and it will probably stand. We have a current to contend with, as well as a head-wind; but I think we can weather the cape by morning, when we can get a survey of the wreck by means of the glass. If we discover nothing I shall bear up at once for the Cape de Verdes.”

The two gentlemen now took the helm in turns, he who slept fastening himself to the mast, as a precaution against being rolled into the sea by the motion of the boat. In fifteen fathoms water they tacked again, and stood to the east-south-east, having made certain, by a fresh examination of the compass, that the

wind stood in the same quarter as before. The moon rose soon after, and, although the morning was clouded and lowering, there was then sufficient light to remove all danger from the darkness. At length this long and anxious night terminated in the usual streak of day which gleamed across the desert.

Paul was at the helm, steering more by instinct than anything else, and occasionally nodding at his post ; for two successive nights of watching, and a day of severe toil, had overcome his sense of danger, and his care for others. Strange fancies beset men at such moments ; and his busy imagination was running over some of the scenes of his early youth, when either his senses or his wandering faculties made him hear the usual brief, spirited hail of,

“ Boat ahoy ! ”

Paul opened his eyes, felt that the tiller was in his hand, and was about to close the first again, when the words were more sternly repeated.

“ Boat ahoy !—what craft’s that ? Answer, or expect a shot ! ”

This was plain English, and Paul was wide awake in an instant. Rubbing his eyes, he saw a line of boats anchored directly on his weather bow, with a raft of spars riding astern.

“Hurrah!” shouted the young man. “This is Heaven’s own tidings! Are these the Montauk’s?”

“Ay, ay. Who the devil are you?”

The truth is, Captain Truck did not recognize his own launch in the royal, roof, and jigger. He had never before seen a boat afloat in such a guise; and in the obscurity of the hour, and fresh awakened from a profound sleep, like Paul, his faculties were a little confused. But the latter soon comprehended the whole matter. He clapped his helm down, let fly the sheet, and in a minute the launch of the packet was riding alongside of the launch of the Dane. Heads were out of the shutters, and every boat gave up its sleepers, for the cry was general throughout the little flotilla.

The party just arrived alone felt joy. They found those whom they had believed dead or

captives alive and free ; whereas the others now learned the extent of the misfortune that had befallen them. For a few minutes this contrast in feeling produced an awkward meeting ; but the truth soon brought all down to the same sober level. Captain Truck received the congratulations of his friends like one in a stupor ; Toast looked amazed as his friend Saunders shook his hand ; and the gentlemen who had been to the wreck met the cheerful greetings of those who had just escaped the Arabs like men who fancied the others mad.

We pass over the explanations that followed, as every one will readily understand them. Captain Truck listened to Paul like one in a trance, and it was some time after the young man had done before he spoke. With a wish to cheer him, he was told of the ample provision of stores that had been brought off in the launch, of the trade-winds that had now apparently set in, and of the great probability of their all reaching the islands in safety. Still the old man made no reply ; he got on the roof of his own launch, and paced backwards

and forwards rapidly, heeding nothing. Even Eve spoke to him unnoticed, and the consolation of her father was not attended to. At length he stopped suddenly, and called for his mate.

“ Mr. Leach ?”

“ Sir.”

“ Here is a category for you !”

“ Ay, ay, sir ; it ’s bad enough in its way ; still we are better off than the Danes.”

“ You tell me, sir,” turning to Paul, “ that these foul blackguards were actually on the deck of the ship ?”

“ Certainly, Captain Truck. They took complete possession ; for we had no means of keeping them off.”

“ And the ship is ashore ?”

“ Beyond a question.”

“ Bilged ?”

“ I think not. There is no swell within the reef, and she lies on sand.”

“ We might have spared ourselves the trouble, Leach, of culling these cursed spars, as if they had been so many toothpicks.”

“ That we might, sir ; for they will not now serve as oven-wood, for want of the oven.”

“ A damnable category, Mr. Effingham ! I ’m glad you are safe, sir ; and you, too, my dear young lady—God bless you !—God bless you !—It were better the whole line should be in their power than one like you !”

The old seaman’s eyes filled as he shook Eve by the hand, and for a moment he forgot the ship.

“ Mr. Leach ?”

“ Sir.”

“ Let the people have their breakfasts, and bear a hand about it. We are likely to have a busy morning, sir. Lift the kedge too, and let us drift down towards these gentry, and take a look at them. We have both wind and current with us now, and shall make quick work of it.”

The kedge was raised, the sails were all set, and, with the two launches lashed together, the whole line of boats and spars began to set to the southward at a rate that would bring them up with the inlet in about two hours.

“ This is the course for the Cape de Verdes,

gentlemen," said the captain bitterly. "We shall have to pass before our own door to go and ask hospitality of strangers. But let the people get their breakfasts, Mr. Leach; just let the boys have one comfortable meal before they take to their oars."

Eat himself, however, Mr. Truck would not. He chewed the end of a cigar, and continued walking up and down the roof.

In half an hour the people had ended their meal, the day had fairly opened, and the boats and raft had made good progress.

"Splice the main-brace, Mr. Leach," said the captain, "for we are a little jammed. And you, gentlemen, do me the favour to step this way for a consultation. This much is due to your situation."

Captain Truck assembled his male passengers in the stern of the Dane's launch, where he commenced the following address:

"Gentlemen," he said, "everything in this world has its nature and its principles. This truth I hold you all to be too well informed and well educated to deny. The nature of a

traveller is to travel, and see curiosities; the nature of old men is to think on the past, of a young man to hope for the future. The nature of a seaman is to stick by his ship, and of a ship to be treated like a vessel, and not to be ransacked like a town taken by storm, or a nunnery that is rifled. You are but passengers, and doubtless have your own wishes and occupations, as I have mine. Your wishes are, beyond question, to be safe in New York among your friends; and mine are to get the Montauk there too, in as little time and with as little injury as possible. You have a good navigator among you; and I now propose that you take the Montauk's launch, with such stores as are necessary, and fill away at once for the islands, where, I pray God, you may all arrive in safety, and that when you reach America you may find all your relations in good health, and in no manner uneasy at this little delay. Your effects shall be safely delivered to your respective orders, should it please God to put it in the power of the line to honour your drafts."

“ You intend to attempt recapturing the ship !” exclaimed Paul.

“ I do, sir,” returned Mr. Truck, who having thus far opened his mind, for the first time that morning gave a vigorous hem ! and set about lighting a cigar.

“ We may do it, gentlemen, or we may not do it. If we do it, you will hear farther from me ; if we fail, why, tell them at home that we carried sail as long as a stitch would draw.”

The gentlemen looked at each other, the young waiting in respect for the counsel of the old, the old hesitating in deference to the pride and feelings of the young.

“ We must join you in this enterprise, captain,” said Mr. Sharp quietly, but with the manner of a man of spirit and nerve.

“ Certainly, certainly,” cried Mr. Monday ; “ we ought to make a common affair of it ; as I dare say Sir George Templemore will agree with me in maintaining, the nobility and gentry are not often backward when their persons are to be risked.”

The spurious baronet acquiesced in the pro-

posal as readily as it had been made by him whom he had temporarily deposed ; for, though a weak and a vain young man, he was far from being a dastard.

“ This is a serious business,” observed Paul, “ and it ought to be ordered with method and intelligence. If we have a ship to care for, we have those also who are infinitely more precious.”

“ Very true, Mr. Blunt, very true,” interrupted Mr. Dodge, a little eagerly. “ It is my maxim to let well alone ; and I am certain shipwrecked people can hardly be better off and more comfortable than we are at this very moment. I dare say these gallant sailors, if the question were fairly put to them, would give it by a handsome majority in favour of things as they are. I am a conservative, captain,—and I think an appeal ought to be made to the ballot-boxes before we decide on a measure of so much magnitude.”

The occasion was too grave for the ordinary pleasantry, and this singular proposition was heard in silence, to Mr. Dodge’s great disgust.

“ I think it the duty of Captain Truck to endeavour to retake his vessel,” continued Paul; “ but the affair will be serious, and success is far from certain. The Montauk’s launch ought to be left at a safe distance with all the females, and in prudent keeping; for any disaster to the boarding party would probably throw the rest of the boats into the hands of the barbarians, and endanger the safety of those left in the launch. Mr. Effingham and Mr. John Effingham will of course remain with the ladies.”

The father assented with the simplicity of one who did not distrust his own motives, but the eagle-shaped features of his kinsman curled with a cool and sarcastic smile.

“ Will *you* remain in the launch ?” the latter asked pointedly, turning towards Paul.

“ Certainly it would be greatly out of character were I to think of it. My trade is war; and I trust that Captain Truck means to honour me with the command of one of the boats.”

“ I thought as much, by Jove !” exclaimed the captain, seizing a hand, which he shook

with the utmost cordiality. "I should as soon expect to see the sheet-anchor wink, or the best-bower give a mournful smile, as to see you duck ! Still, gentlemen, I am well aware of the difference in our situations. I ask no man to forget his duties to those on shore on my account ; and I fancy that my regular people, aided by Mr. Blunt, who can really serve me by his knowledge, will be as likely to do all that can be done as all of us united. It is not numbers that carry ships as much as spirit, promptitude, and resolution."

"But the question has not yet been put to the people," said Mr. Dodge, who was a little mystified by the word last used, which he had yet to learn was strictly technical as applied to a vessel's crew.

"It shall, sir," returned Captain Truck, "and I beg you to note the majority. My lads," he continued, rising on a thwart, and speaking aloud, "you know the history of the ship. As to the Arabs, now they have got her, they do not know how to sail her, and it is no more than a kindness to take her out of their

hands. For this business I want volunteers; those who are for the reef, and an attack, will rise up and cheer; while they who like an offing have only to sit still and stay where they are."

The words were no sooner spoken than Mr. Leach jumped up on the gunwale and waved his hat. The people rose as one man, and, taking the signal from the mate, they gave three as hearty cheers as ever rung over the bottle.

"Dead against you, sir!" observed the captain, nodding to the editor; "and I hope you are now satisfied."

"The ballot might have given it the other way," muttered Mr. Dodge; "there can be no freedom of election without the ballot."

No one, however, thought any longer of Mr. Dodge or his scruples; but the whole disposition for the attack was made with promptitude and caution. It was decided that Mr. Effingham and his own servant should remain in the launch; while the captain compelled his two mates to draw lots which of them should stay

behind also, a navigator being indispensable. The chance fell on the second mate, who submitted to his luck with an ill grace.

A bust of Napoleon was cut up, and the pieces of lead were beaten as nearly round as possible, so as to form a dozen leaden balls, and a quantity of slugs, or langrage. The latter were put in canvass bags; while the keg of powder was opened, a flannel-shirt or two were torn, and cartridges were filled. Ammunition was also distributed to the people, and Mr. Sharp examined their arms. The gun was got off the roof of the Montauk's launch, and placed on a grating forward in that of the Dane. The sails and rigging were cleared out of the boat and secured on the raft when she was properly manned, and the command of her was given to Paul.

The three other boats received their crews, with John Effingham at the head of one, the captain and his mate commanding the others. Mr. Dodge felt compelled to volunteer to go in the launch of the Dane, where Paul had now taken his station, though he did it with a reluct-

ance that escaped the observation of no one who took the pains to observe him. Mr. Sharp and Mr. Monday were with the captain, and the false Sir George Templemore went with Mr. Leach. These arrangements completed, the whole party waited impatiently for the wind and current to set them down towards the reef, the rocks of which by this time were plainly visible, even from the thwarts of the several boats.

CHAPTER IV.

Hark ! was it not the trumpet's voice I heard ?
The soul of battle is awake within me.
The fate of ages and of empires hangs
On this dread hour.

MASSINGER.

THE two launches were still sailing side by side, and Eve now appeared at the open window next the seat of Paul. Her face was pale as when the scene of the cabin occurred, and her lip trembled.

"I do not understand these warlike proceedings," she said ; "but I trust, Mr. Blunt, *we* have no concern with the present movement."

"Put your mind at ease on this head, dearest Miss Effingham, for what we now do we do in compliance with a general law of manhood.

Were your interests and the interests of those with you alone consulted, we might come to a very different decision: but I think you are in safe hands should our adventure prove unfortunate."

"Unfortunate! It is fearful to be so near a scene like this! I cannot ask you to do anything unworthy of yourself; but, all that we owe you impels me to say, I trust you have too much wisdom, too much true courage, to incur unnecessary risks."

The young man looked volumes of gratitude; but the presence of the others kept its expression within due bounds.

"We old sea dogs," he answered, smiling, "are rather noted for taking care of ourselves. They who are trained to a business like this usually set about it too much in a business-like manner to hazard anything for mere show."

"And very wisely, Mr. Sharp, too,"—Eve's colour deepened with a consciousness that Paul would have given worlds to understand,—"he

has a claim on us we shall never forget. My father can say all this better than I."

Mr. Effingham now expressed his thanks for all that had passed, and earnestly enjoined prudence on the young men. After which Eve withdrew her head, and was seen no more. Most of the next hour was passed in prayer by those in the launch.

By this time the boats and raft were within half a mile of the inlet; and Captain Truck ordered the kedge, which had been transferred to the launch of the Montauk, to be let go. As soon as this was done the old seaman threw down his hat, and stood on a thwart in his grey hair.

"Gentlemen, you have your orders," he said with dignity; for from that moment his manner rose with the occasion, and had something of the grandeur of the warrior. "You see the enemy. The reef must first be cleared, and then the ship shall be carried. God knows who will live to see the end; but that end must be success, or the bones of John Truck shall bleach on these sands! Our cry is 'The Mon-

tauk and our own !' which is a principle Vattel will sustain us in. Give way, men ! a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together ; each boat in its station !"

He waved his hand, and the oars fell into the water at the same instant. The heavy launch was the last, for she had double-fasts to the other boat. While loosening that forward the second mate deserted his post, stepping nimbly on board the departing boat, and concealing himself behind the foremost of the two lug-sails she carried. Almost at the same instant Mr. Dodge reversed this manœuvre by pretending to be left clinging to the boat of the Montauk, in his zeal to shove off. As the sails were drawing hard, and the oars dashed the spray aside, it was too late to rectify either of these mistakes, had it been desirable or desired.

A few minutes of a stern calm succeeded, each boat keeping its place with beautiful precision. The Arabs had left the northern reef with the light ; but, the tide being out, hundreds were strung along the southern range of

rocks, especially near the ship. The wind carried the launch a-head, as had been intended, and she soon drew near the inlet.

“Take in the sails,” said Mr. Blunt. “See your gun clear forward.”

A fine, tall, straight, athletic young seaman stood near the grating, with a heated iron lying in a vessel of live coals before him, in lieu of a loggerhead, the fire being covered with a tarpaulin. As Paul spoke, this young mariner turned towards him with the peculiar grace of a man-of-war’s-man, and touched his hat.

“Ay, ay, sir. All ready, Mr. Powis.”

Paul started, while the other smiled proudly, like one who knew more than his companions.

“We have met before,” said the first.

“That have we, sir, and in boat-duty too. You were the first on board the pirate on the coast of Cuba, and I was second.”

A look of recognition and a wave of the hand passed between them, the men cheering involuntarily. It was too late for more, the launch being fairly in the inlet, where she received a general but harmless fire from the

Arabs. An order had been given to fire the first shot over the heads of the barbarians; but this assault changed the plan.

“Depress the piece, Brooks,” said Paul, “and throw in a bag of slugs.”

“All ready, sir,” was uttered in another minute.

“Hold water, men — the boat is steady: now let them have it.”

Men fell at that discharge; but how many was never known, as the bodies were hurried off the reef by those who fled. A few concealed themselves among the rocks, but most scampered towards the shore.

“Bravely done!” cried Captain Truck, as his boat swept past. “Now for the ship, sir!”

The people cheered again, and dashed their oars into the water. To clear the reef was nothing; but to carry the ship was a serious affair. She was defended by four times the number of those in the boats, and there was no retreat. The Arabs, as has already been seen, had suspended their labour during the night,

having fruitlessly endeavoured to haul the vessel over to the reef before the tide rose. More by accident than by calculation, they had made such arrangements by getting a line to the rocks as would probably have set the ship off the sands, when she floated at high water ; but this line had been cut by Paul in passing, and the wind coming on shore again, during the confusion and clamour of the barbarians, or at a moment when they thought they were to be attacked, no attention was paid to the circumstance, and the Montauk was suffered to drive up still higher on the sands, where she effectually grounded at the very top of the tide. As it was now dead low water, the ship had sewed materially, and was now lying on her bilge, partly sustained by the water, and partly by the bottom.

During the short pause that succeeded, Saunders, who was seated in the captain's boat as a small-arms-man, addressed his subordinate in a low voice.

"Now, Toast," he said, "you are about to contend in battle for the first time; and I

diwine, from experience, that the ewent gives you some sentiments that are quite original. My advice to you is, to shut both your eyes until the word is given to fire, and then to open them suddenly, as if just awaking from sleep; after which you may present and pull the trigger. Above all, Toast, take care not to kill any of our own friends, most especially not Captain Truck, just at this werry moment."

"I shall do my endeavours, Mr. Saunders," muttered Toast, with the apathy and submissive dependence on others with which the American black usually goes into action. "If I do any harm, I hope it will be overlooked, on account of my want of experience."

"Imitate me, Toast, in coolness and propriety, and you'll be certain not to offend. I do not mean that you too are to kill the werry same *Muscle*-men that I kill, but that when I kill one you are to kill another. And be werry careful not to hurt Captain Truck, who'll be certain to run right afore the muzzle of our guns, if he sees anything to be done there."

Toast growled an assent, and then there was no other noise in the boat than that which was produced by the steady and vigorous falling of the oars. An attempt had been made to lighten the vessel by unloading her, and the bank of sand was already covered with bales and boxes, which had been brought up from the hold by means of a stage, and by sheer animal force. The raft had been extended in size, and brought round to the bank by the stern of the vessel, with the intention to load it, and to transfer the articles already landed to the rocks.

Such was the state of things about the Montauk when the boats came into the channel that ran directly up to the bank. The launch led again, her sails having been set as soon as the reef was swept, and she now made another discharge on the deck of the ship, which, inclining towards the gun, offered no shelter. The effect was to bring every Arab in the twinkling of an eye down upon the bank.

“ Hurrah ! ” shouted Captain Truck ; “ that grist has purified the old bark ! And now to see who is to own her ! ‘ The thieves are out

of the temple,' as my good father would have said."

The four boats were in a line abreast, the launch under one sail only. A good deal of confusion existed on the bank; but the Arabs sought the cover of the bales and boxes, and opened a sharp though irregular fire. Three times, as they advanced, the second mate and that gallant-looking young seaman called Brooks discharged the gun, and at each discharge Arabs were dislodged and driven to the raft. The cheers of the seamen became animated, though they still plied the oars.

"Steadily, men," said Captain Truck, "and prepare to board."

At this moment the launch grounded, though still twenty yards from the bank, the other boats passing her with loud cheers.

"We are all ready, sir," cried Brooks.

"Let 'em have it. Take in the sail, boys."

The gun was fired, and the tall young seamen sprang upon the grating and cheered. As he looked backward, with a smile of triumph, Paul saw his eyes roll. He leaped into the

air, and fell at his length dead upon the water ; for such is the passage of a man in battle, from one state of existence to another.

“ Where do we hang ?” asked Paul steadily ;
“ forward or aft ?”

It was forward, and deeper water lay a-head of them. The sail was set again, and the people were called aft. The boat tipped, and shot a-head towards the sands, like a courser released from a sudden pull.

All this time the others were not idle. Not a musket was fired from either boat until the whole three struck the bank, almost at the same instant, though at as many different points. Then all leaped ashore, and threw in a fire so close, that the boxes served as much for a cover to the assailants as to the assailed. It was at this critical moment, when the seamen paused to load, that Paul, just clear of the bottom, with his own hand applying the loggerhead, swept the rear of the bank with a most opportune discharge.

“ Yard-arm and yard-arm !” shouted Cap-

tain Truck. "Lay 'em aboard, boys, and give 'em Jack's play!"

The whole party sprang forward, and from that moment all order ceased. Fists, handspikes, of which many were on the bank, and the butts of muskets, were freely used, and in a way that set the spears and weapons of the Arabs at defiance. The captain, Mr. Sharp, John Effingham, Mr. Monday, the *soi-disant* Sir George Templemore, and the chief mate, formed a sort of Macedonian phalanx, which penetrated the centre of the barbarians, and which kept close to the enemy, following up its advantages with a spirit that admitted of no rallying. On their right and left pressed the men, an athletic, hearty, well-fed gang. The superiority of the Arabs was in their powers of endurance; for, trained to the whipcord rigidity of racers, force was less their peculiar merit than bottom. Had they acted in concert, however, or had they been on their own desert, mounted, and with room for their subtle evolutions, the result might have been

very different ; but, unused to contend with an enemy who brought them within reach of the arm, their tactics were deranged, and all their habits violated. Still, their numbers were formidable, and it is probable that the accident to the launch, after all, decided the matter. From the moment the *mêlée* began, not a shot was fired, but the assailants pressed upon the assailed, until a large body of the latter had collected near the raft. This was just as the launch reached the shore ; and Paul perceived there was great danger that the tide might roll backward, from sheer necessity. The gun was loaded, and filled nearly to the muzzle with slugs. He caused the men to raise it on their oars, and to carry it to a large box, a little apart from the confusion of the fight. All this was done in a moment, for three minutes had not yet passed since the captain landed.

Instead of firing, Paul called aloud to his friends to cease fighting. Though chafing like a vexed lion, Captain Truck complied, surprise effecting quite as much as obedience. The Arabs, hardest pressed upon, profited by the

pause to fall back on the main body of their friends, near the raft. This was all Paul could ask, and he ordered the gun to be pointed at the centre of the group, while he advanced himself towards the enemy, making a sign of peace.

“Damn ’em, lay ’em aboard!” cried the captain: “no quarter to the blackguards!”

“I rather think we had better charge again,” added Mr. Sharp, who was thoroughly warmed with his late employment.

“Hold, gentlemen; you risk all needlessly. I will show these poor wretches what they have to expect, and they will probably retire. We want the ship, not their blood.”

“Well, well,” returned the impatient captain, “give ’em plenty of Vattel, for we have ’em now in a category.”

The men of the wilderness and of the desert seem to act as much by instinct as by reason. An old sheik advanced, smiling, towards Paul, when the latter was a few yards in advance of his friends, offering his hand with as much cordiality as if they met merely to exchange

courtesies. Paul led him quietly to the gun, put his hand in, and drew out a bag of slugs, replaced it, and pointed significantly at the dense crowd of exposed Arabs, and at the heated iron that was ready to discharge the piece. At all this the old Arab smiled, and seemed to express his admiration. He was then showed the strong and well-armed party, all of whom by this time had a musket or a pistol ready to use. Paul then signed to the raft and to the reef, as much as to tell the other to withdraw his party.

The sheik exhibited great coolness and sagacity, and, unused to frays so desperate, he signified his disposition to comply. Truces, Paul knew, were common in the African combats, which are seldom bloody, and he hoped the best from the manner of the sheik, who was now permitted to return to his friends. A short conference succeeded among the Arabs, when several of them smilingly waved their hands, and most of the party crowded on the raft. Others advanced, and asked permission to bear away their wounded, and the bodies

of the dead, in both of which offices they were assisted by the seamen, as far as was prudent ; for it was all-important to be on the guard against treachery.

In this extraordinary manner the combatants separated, the Arabs hauling themselves over to the reef by a line, their old men smiling, and making signs of amity, until they were fairly on the rocks. Here they remained but a very few minutes, for the camels and dromedaries were seen trotting off towards the Dane on the shore ; a sign that the compact between the different parties of the barbarians was dissolved, and that each man was about to plunder on his own account. This movement produced great agitation among the old sheiks and their followers on the reef, and set them in motion with great activity towards the land. So great was their hurry, indeed, that the bodies of all the dead, and of several of the wounded, were fairly abandoned on the rocks, at some distance from the shore.

The first step of the victors, as a matter of course, was to inquire into their own loss.

This was much less than would have otherwise been, on account of their good conduct. Every man, without a solitary exception, had ostensibly behaved well; one of the most infallible means of lessening danger. Several of the party had received slight hurts, and divers bullets had passed through hats and jackets. Mr. Sharp, alone, had two through the former, besides one through his coat. Paul had blood drawn on an arm, and Captain Truck, to use his own language, resembled "a horse in fly-time," his skin having been rased in no less than five places. But all these trifling hurts and hair-breadth escapes counted for nothing, as no one was seriously injured by them, or felt sufficient inconvenience even to report himself wounded.

The felicitations were warm and general; even the seamen asking leave to shake their sturdy old commander by the hand. Paul and Mr. Sharp fairly embraced, each expressing his sincere pleasure that the other had escaped unharmed. The latter even shook hands cordially with his counterfeit, who had acted with spirit

from the first to the last. John Effingham alone maintained the same cool indifference after the affair that he had shown in it, when it was seen that he had played his part with singular coolness and discretion, dropping two Arabs with his fowling-piece on landing, with the sort of sportsman-like coolness with which he was in the practice of dropping woodcocks at home.

"I fear Mr. Monday is seriously hurt," this gentleman said to the captain in the midst of his congratulations: "he sits aloof on the box yonder, and looks exhausted."

"Mr. Monday! I hope not, with all my heart and soul. He is a capital *diplomate*, and a stout boarder. And Mr. Dodge, too! I miss Mr. Dodge."

"Mr. Dodge must have remained behind to console the ladies," returned Paul, "finding that your second mate had abandoned them, like a recreant as he is."

The captain shook his disobedient mate by the hand a second time, swore he was a mutineer for violating his orders, and ended by

declaring that the day was not distant when he and Mr. Leach should command two as good liners as ever sailed out of America.

“I’ll have nothing to do with either of you as soon as we reach home,” he concluded. “There was Leach a foot or two a-head of me the whole time ; and, as for the second officer, I should be justified in logging him as having run. Well, well ; young men will be young men ; and so would old men, too, Mr. John Effingham, if they knew how. But Mr. Monday does look doleful ; and I am afraid we shall be obliged to overhaul the medicine-chest for him.”

Mr. Monday, however, was beyond the aid of medicine. A ball had passed through his shoulder-blade in landing ; notwithstanding which he had pressed into the *mêlée*, where, unable to parry it, a spear had been thrust into his chest. The last wound appeared grave, and Captain Truck immediately ordered the sufferer to be carried into the ship ; John Effingham, with a tenderness and humanity that were singularly in contrast to his ordinary sar-

castic manner, volunteering to take charge of him.

“We have need of all our forces,” said Captain Truck as Mr. Monday was borne away ; “and yet it is due to our friends in the launch to let them know the result. Set the ensign, Leach ; that will tell them our success, though a verbal communication can alone acquaint them with the particulars.”

“If,” interrupted Paul, eagerly, “you will lend me the launch of the Dane, Mr. Sharp and myself will beat her up to the raft, let our friends know the result, and bring the spars down to the inlet. This will save the necessity of any of the men’s being absent. We claim the privilege, too, as belonging properly to the party that is now absent.”

“Gentlemen, take any privilege you please. You have stood by me like heroes ; and I owe you all more than the heel of a worthless old life will ever permit me to pay.”

The two young men did not wait for a second invitation, but in five minutes the boat was stretching through one of the channels

that led landward ; and in five more it was laying out of the inlet with a steady breeze.

The instant Captain Truck retrod the deck of his ship was one of uncontrollable feeling with the weather-beaten old seaman. The ship had sewed too much to admit of walking with ease, and he sat down on the combings of the main hatch, and fairly wept like an infant. So high had his feelings been wrought that this outbreking was violent, and the men wondered to see their grey-headed, stern, old commander, so completely unmanned. He seemed at length ashamed of the weakness himself, for, rising like a worried tiger, he began to issue his orders as sternly and promptly as was his wont.

“What the devil are you gaping at, men?” he growled ; “did you never see a ship on her bilge before? God knows, and for that matter you all know, there is enough to do, that you stand like so many marines, with their ‘eyes right !’ and ‘pipe-clay.’”

“Take it more kindly, Captain Truck,” returned an old sea-dog, thrusting out a hand

that was all knobs, a fellow whose tobacco had not been displaced even by the fray; "take it kindly, and look upon all these boxes and bales as so much cargo that is to be struck in, in dock. We'll soon stow it; and, barring a few slugs, and one four-pounder, that has cut up a crate of crockery as if it had been a cat in a cupboard, no great harm is done. I look upon this matter as no more than a sudden squall, that has compelled us to bear up for a little while, but which will answer for a winch to spin yarns on all the rest of our days. I have fit the French, and the English, and the Turks, in my time; and now I can say I have had a brush with the niggers."

"D—n me, but you are right, old Tom! and I'll make no more account of the matter. Mr. Leach, give the people a little encouragement. There is enough left in the jug that you'll find in the stern-sheets of the pinnace; and then turn-to, and strike in all this dunnage, that the Arabs have been scattering on the sands. We'll stow it when we get the

ship into an easier bed than the one in which she is now lying."

This was the signal for commencing work ; and these straight-forward tars, who had just been in the confusion and hazards of a fight, first took their grog, and then commenced their labour in earnest. As they had only, with their knowledge and readiness, to repair the damage done by the ignorant and hurried Arabs, in a short time everything was on board the ship again, when their attention was directed to the situation of the vessel itself. Not to anticipate events, however, we will now return to the party in the launch.

The reader will readily imagine the feelings with which Mr. Effingham and his party listened to the report of the first gun. As they all remained below, they were ignorant who the individual really was that kept pacing the roof over their heads, though it was believed to be the second mate, agreeably to the arrangement made by Captain Truck.

"My eyes grow dim," said Mr. Effingham,

who was looking through the glass ; “ will you try to see what is passing, Eve ?”

“ Father, I cannot look,” returned the pallid girl. “ It is misery enough to hear these frightful guns.”

“ It is awful !” said Nanny, folding her arms about her child, “ and I wonder that such gentlemen as Mr. John and Mr. Powis should go on an enterprise so wicked !”

“ *Voulez-vous avoir la complaisance, monsieur ?*” said Mademoiselle Viefville, taking the glass from the unresisting hand of Mr. Effingham. “ *Ha ! le combat commence en effet !*”

“ Is it the Arabs who now fire ?” demanded Eve, unable, in spite of terror, to repress her interest.

“ *Non, c’est cet admirable jeune homme, Monsieur Blunt, qui devance tous les autres !*”

“ And now, mademoiselle, *that* must surely be the barbarians ?”

“ *Du tout. Les sauvages fuient. C’est encore du bateau de Monsieur Blunt qu’on tire.*

Quel beau courage ! son bateau est toujours des premiers !"

"That shout is frightful ! Do they close ?"

"On crie des deux parts, je crois. Le vieux capitaine est en avant à présent, et Monsieur Blunt s'arrête !"

"May Heaven avert the danger ! Do you see the gentlemen at all, Mademoiselle ?"

"La fumée est trop épaisse. Ah ! les voilà ! On tire encore de son bateau."

"Eh bien, mademoiselle ?" said Eve tremulously, after a long pause.

"C'est déjà fini. Les Arabes se retirent, et nos amis se sont emparés du bâtiment. Cela a été l'affaire d'un moment, et que le combat a été glorieux ! Ces jeunes gens sont vraiment dignes d'être Français, et le vieux capitaine, aussi."

"Are there no tidings for us, mademoiselle ?" asked Eve, after another long pause, during which she had poured out her gratitude in trembling, but secret thanksgivings."

"Non pas encore. Ils se félicitent, je crois."

“It’s time, I’m sure, ma’am,” said the meek-minded Anne, “to send forth the dove, that it may find the olive branch. War and strife are too sinful to be long indulged in.”

“There is a boat making sail in this direction,” said Mr. Effingham, who had left the glass with the governess, in complaisance to her wish.

“*Oui, c’est le bateau de Monsieur Blunt.*”

“And who is in it?” demanded the father, for the meed of a world could not have enabled Eve to speak.

“*Je vois Monsieur Sharp, oui—c’est bien lui.*”

“Is he alone?”

“*Non, il y en a deux—mais—oui—c’est Monsieur Blunt,—notre jeune heros !*”

Eve bowed her face, and even while her soul melted in gratitude to God, the feelings of her sex caused the tell-tale blood to suffuse her features to the brightness of crimson.

Mr. Effingham now took the glass from the spirited Frenchwoman, whose admiration of brilliant qualities had overcome her fears, and

he gave a more detailed and connected account of the situation of things near the ship as they presented themselves to spectators at that distance.

Notwithstanding they already knew so much, it was a painful and feverish half hour to those in the launch, the time that intervened between this dialogue and the moment when the boat of the Dane came alongside of their own. Every face was at the windows, and the young men were received like deliverers, in whose safety all felt a deep concern.

“But, cousin Jack,” said Eve, across whose speaking countenance apprehensions and joy cast their shadows and gleams like April clouds driving athwart a brilliant sky, “my father has not been able to discover his form among those who move about on the bank.”

The gentlemen explained the misfortune of Mr. Monday, and related the manner in which John Effingham had assumed the office of nurse. A few delicious minutes passed; for nothing is more grateful than the happiness that first succeeds a victory,—and the young

men proceeded to lift the kedge, assisted by the servant of Mr. Effingham. The sails were set; and in fifteen minutes the raft—the long-desired and much-coveted raft—approached the inlet.

Paul steered the larger boat, and gave to Mr. Sharp directions how to steer the other. The tide was flowing into the passage; and, by keeping his weatherly position, the young man carried his long train of spars with so much precision into its opening, that, favoured by the current, it was drawn through without touching a rock, and brought in triumph to the very margin of the bank. Here it was secured, the sails and cordage were brought ashore, and the whole party landed.

The last twenty hours seemed like a dream to all the females, as they again walked the solid sand in security and hope. They had now assembled every material of safety, and all that remained was to get the ship off the shore, and to rig her; Mr. Leach having already reported that she was as tight as the day she left London.

CHAPTER V.

Would I were in an ale-house in London!

I would give all my fame for a pot of ale, and safety.

Henry Vth.

MADemoiselle VIEFVILLE, with a decision and intelligence that rendered her of great use in moments of need, hastened to offer her services to the wounded man, while Eve, attended by Anne Sidley, ascended the ship and made her way into the cabins, in the best manner the leaning position of the vessel allowed. Here they found less confusion than might have been expected, the scene being ludicrous rather than painful, for Mr. Monday was in his state-room, excluded from sight.

In the first place, the *soi-disant* Sir George Templemore was counting over his effects, among which he had discovered a sad deficiency in coats and pantaloons. The Arabs had

respected the plunder, by compact, with the intention of making a fair distribution on the reef; but, with a view to throw a sop to the more rapacious of their associates, one room had been sacked by the permission of the sheiks. This unfortunate room happened to be that of Sir George Templemore, and the patent razors, the East Indian dressing case, the divers toys, to say nothing of innumerable vestments which the young man had left paraded in his room, for the mere pleasure of feasting his eyes on them, had disappeared.

“Do me the favour, Miss Effingham,” he said, appealing to Eve, of whom he stood habitually in awe, from the pure necessity of addressing her in his distress, or of addressing no one; “do me the favour to look into my room, and see the unprincipled manner in which I have been treated. Not a comb nor a razor left; not a garment to make myself decent in! I’m sure such conduct is quite a disgrace to the civilization of barbarians even, and I shall make it a point to have the affair duly represented to his majesty’s minister the moment

I arrive in New York. I sincerely hope you have been better treated, though I think, after this specimen of their principles, there is little hope for any one: I'm sure we ought to be grateful they did not strip the ship. I trust we shall all make common cause against them the moment we arrive."

"We ought, indeed, sir," returned Eve, who, while she had known from the beginning of his being an impostor, was willing to ascribe his fraud to vanity, and who now felt charitable towards him on account of the spirit he had shown in the combat; "though I trust we shall have escaped better. Our effects were principally in the baggage-room, and that, I understand from Captain Truck, has not been touched."

"Indeed you are very fortunate, and I can only wish that the same good luck had happened to myself. But then, you know, Miss Effingham, that one has need of his little comforts, and, as for myself, I confess to rather a weakness in that way."

"Monstrous prodigality and wastefulness!"

cried Saunders, as Eve passed on towards her own cabin, willing to escape any more of Sir George's complaints. "Just be so kind, Miss Effingham, ma'am, to look into this here pantry once! Them niggers, I do believe, have had their fingers in everything, and it will take Toast and me a week to get things decorous and orderly again. Some of the shrieks" (for so the stewards styled the chiefs) "have been yelling well in this place, I'll engage, as you may see, by the manner in which they have spilled the mustard and mangled that cold duck. I've a most mortal aversion to a man that cuts up poultry against the fibres; and, would you think it, Miss Effingham, ma'am, that the last gun Mr. Blunt fired dislocated, or otherwise diverted, about half a dozen of the fowls that happened to be in the way; for I let all the poor wretches out of the coops, that they might make their own livings should we never come back. I should think that as polite and experienced a gentleman as Mr. Blunt might have shot the Arabs instead of my poultry!"

“So it is,” thought Eve, as she glanced into the pantry and proceeded. “What is considered happiness to-day gets to be misery to-morrow, and the rebukes of adversity are forgotten the instant prosperity resumes its influence. Either of these men, a few hours since, would have been most happy to have been in this vessel, as a home, or a covering for their heads, and now they quarrel with their good fortune because it is wanting in some accustomed superfluity, or pampered indulgence.” We shall leave her with this wholesome reflection uppermost, to examine into the condition of her own room, and return to the deck.

As the hour was still early, Captain Truck having once quieted his feelings, went to work with zeal, to turn the late success to the best account. The cargo that had been discharged was soon stowed again, and the next great object was to get the ship afloat previously to hoisting in the new spars. As the kedges still lay on the reef, and all the anchors remained in the places where they had originally been placed, there was little to do but to get ready

to heave upon the chains as soon as the tide rose. Previously to commencing this task, however, the intervening time was well employed in sending down the imperfect hamper that was aloft, and in getting up sheers to hoist out the remains of the foremast, as well as the jury main-mast, the latter of which, it will be remembered, was only fitted two days before. All the appliances used on that occasion being still on deck, and everybody lending a willing hand, this task was completed by noon. The jury-mast gave little trouble, but was soon lying on the bank; and then Captain Truck, the sheers having been previously shifted, commenced lifting the broken foremast, and just as the cooks announced that the dinner was ready for the people, the latter safely deposited the spar on the sands.

“ ‘ Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowline,’ ” said Captain Truck to Mr. Blunt, as the crew came up the staging in their way to the galley, in quest of their meal. “ I have not beheld the Montauk without a mast since the day she lay a new-born child at the ship-

yards. I see some half a dozen of these mummified scoundrels dodging about on the shore yet, though the great majority, as Mr. Dodge would say, have manifested a decided disposition to amuse themselves with a further acquaintance with the Dane. In my humble opinion, sir, that poor deserted and innocent ship will have no more inside of her by night, than one of Saunders' ducks that has been dead an hour. That hearty fellow, Mr. Monday, is hit, I fear, between wind and water, Leach?"

"He is in a bad way indeed, as I understand from Mr. John Effingham, who very properly allows no one to disturb him, keeping the state-room door closed on all but himself and his own man."

"Ay, ay, that is merciful; a man likes a little quiet when he is killed. As soon as the ship is more fit to be seen, however, it will become my duty to wait on him in order to see that nothing is wanting. We must offer the poor man the consolations of religion, Mr. Blunt."

"They would certainly be desirable had we one qualified for the task."

“ I can’t say as much in that way for myself, perhaps, as I might, seeing that my father was a priest. But then, we masters of packets have occasions to turn our hands to a good many odd jobs. As soon as the ship is snug I shall certainly take a look at the honest fellow. Pray, sir, what became of Mr. Dodge in the skirmish?”

Paul smiled, but he prudently answered, “ I believe he occupied himself in taking notes of the combat, and I make no doubt will do you full justice in the *Active Inquirer*, as soon as he gets its columns again at his command.”

“ Too much learning, as my good father used to say, has made him a little mad. But I have a grateful heart to-day, Mr. Blunt, and will not be critical. I did not perceive Mr. Dodge in the conflict, as Saunders calls it, but there were so many of those rascally Arabs, that one had not an opportunity of seeing much else. We must get the ship outside of this reef with as little delay as possible, for to tell you a secret” — here the captain dropped his voice to a whisper—“ there are but two

rounds a-piece left for the small arms, and only one cartridge for the four-pounder. I own to you a strong desire to be in the offing."

"They will hardly attempt to board us, after the specimen they have had of what we can do."

"No one knows, sir; no one knows. They keep pouring down upon the coast like crows on the scent of carrion, and once done with the Dane, we shall see them in hundreds prowling around us like wolves. How much do we want of high water?"

"An hour possibly. I do not think there is much time to lose before the people get at work at the windlass."

Captain Truck nodded, and proceeded to look into the condition of his ground-tackle. It was a joyous but an anxious moment when the handspikes were first handled, and the slack of one of the chains began to come in. The ship had been upright several hours, and no one could tell how hard she would hang on the bottom. As the chain tightened, the gentlemen, the officers included, got upon the bows

and looked anxiously at the effect of each heave ; for it was a nervous thing to be stranded on such a coast, even after all that had occurred.

“ She winks, by George !” cried the captain ; “ heave together, men, and you will stir the sand !”

The men did heave, gaining inch by inch, until no effort could cause the ponderous machine to turn. The mates, and then the captain, applied their strength in succession, and but half a turn more was gained. Everybody was now summoned, even to the passengers, and the enormous strain seemed to threaten to tear the fabric asunder ; and still the ship was immovable.

“ She hangs hardest forward, sir,” said Mr. Leach : “ suppose we run up the stern-boat ?”

This expedient was adopted, and so nearly were the counteracting powers balanced, that it prevailed. A strong heave caused the ship to start, an inch more of tide aided the effort, and then the vast hull slowly yielded to the purchase, gradually turning towards the an-

chor, until the quick blows of the pall announced that the vessel was fairly afloat again.

“Thank God for that, as for all his mercies!” said Captain Truck. “Heave the hussy up to her anchor, Mr. Leach, when we will cast an eye to her moorings.”

All this was done, the ship being effectually secured, with due attention to a change in the wind, that now promised to be permanent. Not a moment was lost; but, the sheers being still standing, the foremast of the Dane was floated alongside, fastened to, and hove into its new berth, with as much rapidity as comported with care. When the mast was fairly stepped, Captain Truck rubbed his hands with delight, and immediately commanded his subordinates to rig it, although by this time the turn of the day had considerably passed.

“This is the way with us seamen, Mr. Effingham,” he observed; “from the fall to the fight, and then again from the fight to the fall. Our work, like women’s, is never done; whereas you landsmen knock off with the sun, and

sleep while the corn grows. I have always owed my parents a grudge for bringing me up to a dog's life."

"I had understood it was a choice of your own, captain."

"Ay,—so far as running away and shipping without their knowledge was concerned, perhaps it was; but then it was their business to begin at the bottom, and to train me up in such a manner that I would not run away. The Lord forgive me, too, for thinking amiss of the two dear old people; for, to be candid with you, they were much too good to have such a son; and I honestly believe they loved me more than I loved myself. Well, I've the consolation of knowing I comforted the old lady with many a pound of capital tea after I got into the China trade, ma'amselle."

"She was fond of it?" observed the governess politely.

"She relished it very much, as a horse takes to oats, or a child to custard. That, and snuff and grace, composed her principal consolations."

“ *Quoi?*” demanded the governess, looking towards Paul for an explanation.

“ *Grace, mademoiselle ; la grace de Dieu.*”

“ *Bien !*”

“ It’s a sad misfortune, after all, to lose a mother, ma’amselle. It is like cutting all the headfasts, and riding altogether by the stern ; for it is letting go the hold of what has gone before to grapple with the future. It is true that I ran away from my mother when a youngster, and thought little of it ! but when she took her turn and ran away from me, I began to feel that I had made a wrong use of my legs. What are the tidings from poor Mr. Monday ?”

“ I understand he does not suffer greatly, but that he grows weaker fast,” returned Paul. “ I fear there is little hope of his surviving such a hurt.”

The captain had got out a cigar, and had beckoned to Toast for a coal ; but changing his mind suddenly, he broke the tobacco into snuff, and scattered it about the deck.

“ Why the devil is not that rigging going

up, Mr. Leach?" he cried fiercely. "It is not my intention to pass the winter at these moorings, and I solicit a little more expedition."

"Ay, ay, sir," returned the mate, one of a class habitually patient and obedient; "bear a hand, my lads, and get the strings into their places."

"Leach," continued the captain, more kindly, and still working his fingers unconsciously, "come this way, my good friend. I have not expressed to you, Mr. Leach, all I wish to say of your good conduct in this late affair. You have stood by me like a gallant fellow throughout the whole business, and I shall not hesitate about saying as much when we get in. It is my intention to write a letter to the owners, which no doubt they'll publish; for, whatever they have got to say against America, no one will deny it is easy to get anything published. Publishing is victuals and drink to the nation. You may depend on having justice done you."

"I never doubted it, Captain Truck."

"No, sir; and you never winked. The

mainmast does not stand up in a gale firmer than you stood up to the niggers."

"Mr. Effingham, sir,—and Mr. Sharp,—and particularly Mr. Blunt—"

"Let me alone to deal with them. Even Toast acted like a man. Well, Leach, they tell me poor Monday must slip, after all."

"I am very sorry to hear it, sir; Mr. Monday laid about him like a soldier!"

"He did, indeed; but Bonaparte himself has been obliged to give up the ghost, and Wellington must follow him some day; even old Putnam is dead. Either you or I, or both of us, Leach, will have to throw in some of the consolations of religion on this mournful occasion."

"There is Mr. Effingham, sir, or Mr. John Effingham; elderly gentlemen with more scholarship."

"That will never do. All they can offer, no doubt, will be acceptable, but we owe a duty to the ship. The officers of a packet are not graceless horse-jockeys, but sober, discreet men, and it becomes them to show that they

have some education, and the right sort of stuff in them on an emergency. I expect you will stand by me, Leach, on this melancholy occasion, as stoutly as you stood by me this morning."

"I humbly hope, sir, not to disgrace the vessel, but it is likely poor Mr. Monday is a Church-of-England-man, and we both belong to the Saybrook Platform!"

"Ah! the devil,—I forgot that! But religion is religion; old line or new line; and I question if a man so near unmooring will be very particular. The great thing is consolation, and that we must contrive to give him by hook or by crook, when the proper moment comes; and now, Mr. Leach, let the people push matters, and we shall have everything up forward, and that mainmast stepped yet by 'sunset;' or it would be more literal to say '*sun-down.*'" Captain Truck, like a true New-England-man, invariably using a provincialism that has got to be so general in America.

The work proceeded with spirit, for every one was anxious to get the ship out of a berth that was so critical, as well from the constant

vicinity of the Arabs as from the dangers of the weather. The wind baffled too, as it is usual on the margin of the trades, and at times it blew from the sea, though it continued light, and the changes were of short continuance. As Captain Truck hoped, when the people ceased work at night, the fore and fore-top-sail-yards were in their places, the top-gallant-mast was fidded, and, with the exception of the sails, the ship was what is called a-tanto forward. Aft, less had been done, though by the assistance of the supernumeraries, who continued to lend their aid, the two lower masts were stepped, though no rigging could be got over them. The men volunteered to work by watches through the night, but to this Captain Truck would not listen, affirming that they had earned their suppers and a good rest, both of which they should have.

The gentlemen, who merely volunteered an occasional drag, cheerfully took the look-outs, and as there were plenty of fire-arms, though not much powder, little apprehension was entertained of the Arabs. As was expected,

the night passed away tranquilly, and every one arose with the dawn, refreshed and strengthened.

The return of day, however, brought the Arabs down upon the shore in crowds; for the last gale, which had been unusually severe, and the tidings of the wrecks, which had been spread by means of the dromedaries far and wide, had collected a force on the coast that began to be formidable through sheer numbers. The Dane had been effectually emptied, and plunder had the same effect on these rapacious barbarians that blood is known to produce on the tiger. The taste had begotten an appetite, and from the first appearance of the light, those in the ship saw signs of a disposition to renew the attempt on their liberty.

Happily, the heaviest portion of the work was done, and Captain Truck determined, rather than risk another conflict with a force that was so much augmented, to get the spars on board, and to take the ship outside of the reef, without waiting to complete her equipment. His first orders, therefore, when all

hands were mustered, were for the boats to get in the kedges and the stream anchor, and otherwise to prepare to move the vessel. In the mean time other gangs were busy in getting the rigging over the mast-heads, and in setting it up. As the lifting of the anchors with boats was heavy work, by the time they were got on board and stowed it was noon, and all the yards were aloft, though not a sail was bent in the vessel.

Captain Truck, while the people were eating, passed through the ship examining every stay and shroud: there were some make-shifts it is true, but on the whole he was satisfied, though he plainly saw that the presence of the Arabs had hurried matters a little, and that a good many drags would have to be given as soon as they got beyond danger, and that some attention must be paid to seizings; still, what had been done would answer very well for moderate weather, and it was too late to stop to change.

The trade wind had returned, and blew steadily as if finally likely to stand, and the

water out-side of the reef was smooth enough to permit the required alterations, now that the heavier spars were in their places.

The appearance of the Montauk certainly was not as stately and commanding as before the wreck, but there was an air of completeness about it that augured well. It was that of a ship of seven hundred tons, fitted with spars intended for a ship of five hundred. The packet a little resembled a man of six feet, in the coat of a man of five feet nine, and yet the discrepancy would not be apt to be noticed by any but the initiated. Everything essential was in its place, and reasonably well secured, and, as the Dane had been rigged for a stormy sea, Captain Truck felt satisfied he might in his present plight venture on the American coast in winter even, without incurring unusual hazard.

As soon as the hour of work arrived, therefore, a boat was sent to drop a kedge as near the inlet as it would be safe to venture, and a little to windward of it. By making a calculation, and respecting his buoys, which still

remained where he had placed them, Captain Truck found that he could get a narrow channel of sufficient directness to permit the ship to be warped as far as this point in a straight line. Everything but the boats was now got on board, the anchor by which they rode was hove up, and the warp was brought to the capstan, when the vessel slowly began to advance towards the inlet.

This movement was a signal to the Arabs, who poured down on both reefs in hundreds, screaming and gesticulating like maniacs. It required good nerves and some self-reliance to advance in the face of such a danger, and this so much the more, as the barbarians showed themselves in the greatest force on the northern range of rocks, which offered a good shelter for their persons, completely raked the channel, and, moreover, lay so near the spot where the kedge had been dropped, that one might have jerked a stone from the one to the other. To add to the awkwardness of the affair, the Arabs began to fire with those muskets that are of so little service in close encounters, but which are

notorious for sending their shot with great precision from a distance. The bullets came thick upon the ship, though the stoutness of the bulwarks forward and their height as yet protected the men.

In this dilemma, Captain Truck hesitated about continuing to haul a-head, and he sent for Mr. Blunt and Mr. Leach for a consultation. Both these gentlemen advised perseverance, and as the counsel of the former will succinctly show the state of things, it shall be given in his own words.

“Indecision is always discouraging to one’s friends, and encouraging to one’s enemies,” he said, “and I recommend perseverance. The nearer we haul to the rocks, the greater will be our command of them, while the more the chances of the Arabs’ throwing their bullets on our decks will be diminished. Indeed, so long as we ride head to wind, they cannot fire low enough to effect their object from the northern reef, and on the southern they will not venture very near, for want of cover. It is true it will be impossible for us to bend our

sails or to send out a boat in the face of so heavy a fire, while our assailants are so effectually covered ; but we may possibly dislodge them with the gun, or with our small-arms, from the decks. If not, I will head a party into the tops, from which I will undertake to drive them out of the reach of our muskets in five minutes."

"Such a step would be very hazardous to those who ventured aloft."

"It would not be without danger, and some loss must be expected ; but they who fight must expect risks."

"In which case it will be the business of Mr. Leach and myself to head the parties aloft. If we are obliged to console the dying, damn me, but we are entitled to the privilege of fighting the living."

"Ay, ay, sir," put in the mate ; "that stands to reason."

"There are three tops, gentlemen," returned Paul mildly, "and I respect your rights too much to wish to interfere with them. We can each take one, and the effect will be in propor-

tion to the greater means we employ,—one vigorous assault being worth a dozen feints.”

Captain Truck shook Paul heartily by the hand, and adopted his advice. When the young man had retired, he turned to the mate and said,—

“After all, these man-of-war’s-men are a little beyond us in the science of attack and defence, though I think I could give him a hint in the science of signs. I have had two or three touches at privateering in my time, but no regular occupation in your broadside work. Did you see how Mr. Blunt handled his boat yesterday? As much like two double blocks and a steady drag as one belaying-pin is like another, and as coolly as a great lady in London looks at one of us in a state of nature. For my part, Leach, I was as hot as mustard, and ready to cut the throat of the best friend I had on earth; whereas he was smiling as I rowed past him, though I could hardly see his face for the smoke of his own gun.”

“Yes, sir, that’s the way with your regular-builts. I’ll warrant you he began young, and

had kicked all the passion out of himself on old salts, by the time he was eighteen. He doesn't seem, neither, like one of the true d—n-my-eye breed; but it's a great privilege to a man in a passion to be allowed to kick when and whom he likes."

"Not he. I say, Leach; perhaps he might lend us a hand when it comes to the pinch with poor Monday. I have a great desire that the worthy fellow should take his departure decently."

"Well, sir, I think you had better propose it. For my part, I'm quite willing to go into all three of the tops alone, rather than disappoint a dying man."

The captain promised to look to the matter, and then they turned their attention to the ship, which in a few more minutes was up as near the kedge as it was prudent to haul her.

CHAPTER VI.

Speed, gallant bark, the tornado is past ;
Staunch and secure thou hast weather'd the blas ;
Now spread thy full sails to the wings of the morn,
And soon the glad haven shall greet thy return.

PARK.

THE Montauk now lay close to the inlet, and even a little to windward of its entrance ; but the channel was crooked, not a sail was bent, nor was it possible to bend one properly without exposing the men to the muskets of the Arabs, who, from firing loosely, had got to be more wary and deliberate, aiming at the places where a head or an arm was occasionally seen. To prolong this state of things was merely to increase the evil, and Captain Truck determined to make an effort at once to dislodge his enemies.

With this view the gun was loaded on board, filled nearly to the muzzle with slugs, and then it was raised with care on the top-gallant-forecastle, and cautiously pushed forward near the gunwale. Had the barbarians understood the construction of a vessel they might have destroyed half of the packet's crew while they were thus engaged about the fore-castle by firing through the planks; but, ignorant of the weakness of the defences, they aimed altogether at the openings, or over the rails.

By lowering the gaff the spanker was imperfectly bent; that is to say, it was bent on the upper leech. The boom was got in under cover of the hurricane-house, and of the bundle of sail; the out-hauler was bent, the boom replaced, the sail being hoisted with little and a hurried lacing to the luff. This was not effected without a good deal of hazard, though the nearness of the bows of the vessel to the rocks prevented most of the Arabs from perceiving what passed so far aft. Still, others nearer to the shore caught glimpses of the

actors, and several narrow escapes were the consequence. The second mate, in particular, had a shot through his hat within an inch of his head. By a little management, notwithstanding, the luff of the spanker was made to stand tolerably well; and the ship had at last the benefit of this one sail.

The Dane had been a seaman of the old school; and, instead of the more modern spenser, his ship had been fitted with old-fashioned stay-sails. Of these it was possible to bend the main and mizen staysails in tolerable security, provided the ends of the halyards could be got down. As this, however, would be nearly all aftersail, the captain determined to make an effort to overhaul the buntlines and leechlines of the foresail, at the same time that men were sent aloft after the ends of the halyards. He also thought it possible to set a fore-topmast staysail flying.

No one was deceived in this matter. The danger and the mode of operating were explained clearly, and then Captain Truck asked for volunteers. These were instantly found;

Mr. Leach and the second mate setting the example by stepping forward as the first two. In order that the whole procedure may be understood, however, it shall be explained more fully.

Two men were prepared to run up on the foreyard at the word. Both of these, one of whom was Mr. Leach, carried three small balls of marline, to the end of each of which was attached a cod-hook, the barb being filed off in order to prevent its being caught. By these hooks the balls were fastened to the jackets of the adventurers. Two others stood ready at the foot of the main and mizen-riggings. By the gun lay Paul and three men; while several of the passengers, and a few of the best shots among the crew, were stationed on the forecastle, armed with muskets and fowling-pieces.

“Is everybody ready?” called out the captain from the quarter-deck.

“All ready!” and “Ay! ay, sir!” were answered from the different points of the ship.

“Haul out the spanker!”

As soon as this sail was set, the stern of the ship swung round towards the inlet, so as to turn the bow on which the gun was placed towards the part of the reef where the Arabs were in greatest numbers.

“Be steady, men! and do not hurry yourselves, though active as wild-cats! Up, and away!”

The two fore-yard men, and the two by the after-masts, sprang into the rigging like squirrels, and were running aloft before the captain had done speaking. At the same instant one of the three by the gun leaped on the bowsprit, and ran out towards the stay. Paul, and the other two, rose, and shoved the gun to its berth; and the small-arms men showed themselves at the rails.

So many, all in swift motion, appearing at the same moment in the rigging, distracted the attention of the Arabs for an instant, though scattering shots were fired. Paul knew that the danger would be greatest when the men aloft were stationary, and he was in no haste. Perhaps for half a minute he was

busy in choosing his object, and in levelling the gun, and then it was fired. He had chosen the moment well; for Mr. Leach and his fellow adventurers were already on the fore-yard, and the Arabs had arisen from their covers in the eagerness of taking aim. The small-arms men poured in their volley, and then little more could be done in the way of the offensive, nearly all the powder in the ship having been expended.

It remains to tell the result of this experiment. Among the Arabs a few fell, and those most exposed to the fire from the ship were staggered, losing near a minute in their confusion; but those more remote maintained hot discharges after the first surprise. The whole time occupied in what we are going to relate was about three minutes; the action of the several parts going on simultaneously.

The adventurer forward, though nearest to the enemy, was least exposed. Partly covered by the bowsprit, he ran nimbly out on that spar till he reached the stay. Here he cut

the stop of the fore-topmast halyards, overhauled the running part, and let the block swing in. He then hooked a block that he had carried out with him, and in which the bight of a rope had been rove through the thimble, and ran in as fast as possible. This duty, which had appeared the most hazardous of all the different adventures on account of the proximity of the bowsprit to the reef, was the first done, and with the least real risk; the man being partly concealed by the smoke of the gun, as well as by the bowsprit. He escaped uninjured.

As the two men aft pursued exactly the same course, the movements of one will explain those of the other. On reaching the yard, the adventurer sprang on it, caught the hook of the halyard-block, and threw himself off without an instant's hesitation, overhauling the halyards by his weight. Men stood in readiness below to check the fall by easing off the other end of the rope, and the hardy fellow reached the deck in safety. This seemed

a nervous undertaking to the landsmen; but the seamen, who so well understood the machinery of their vessel, made light of it.

On the fore-yard, Mr. Leach passed out on one yard-arm, and his co-adventurer, a common seaman, on the other. Each left a hook in the knot of the inner buntline, as he went out, and dropped the ball of marline on deck. The same was done at the outer buntlines, and at the leechlines. Here the mate returned, according to his orders, leaped upon the rigging, and thence upon a backstay, when he slid down on deck with a velocity that set aim at defiance. Notwithstanding the quickness of his motions, Mr. Leach received a trifling hit in the shoulder, and several bullets whizzed near him.

The seaman on the other yard-arm succeeded equally well, escaping the smallest injury, until he had secured the leechline, when, knowing the usefulness of obtaining it, for he was on the weather side of the ship, he determined to bring in the end of the reef-tackle with him. Calling out to let go the rope on

deck, he ran out to the lift, bent over and secured the desired end, and raised himself erect, with the intention to make a run in on the top of the yard. Captain Truck and the second mate had both commanded him to desist in vain, for impunity from harm had rendered him fool-hardy. In this perilous position he even paused to give a cheer. The cry was scarcely ended when he sprang off the yard several feet upwards, and fell perpendicularly towards the sea, carrying the rope in his hand. At first, most on board believed the man had jumped into the water as the least hazardous means of getting down, depending on the rope, and on swimming, for his security; but Paul pointed out the spot of blood that stained the surface of the sea, at the point where he had fallen. The reef-tackle was rounded cautiously in, and its end rose to the surface without the hand that had so lately grasped it. The man himself never re-appeared.

Captain Truck had now the means of setting three staysails, the spanker, and the fore-

course; sails sufficient, he thought, to answer his present purposes. The end of the reef-tackle, that had been so dearly bought, was got in, by means of a light line, which was thrown around it.

The order was now given to brail the spanker, and to clap on and weigh the kedge, which was done by the run. As soon as the ship was free of the bottom, the fore-topmast-staysail was set flying, like a jib-topsail, by hauling out the tack, and swaying upon the halyards. The sheet was hauled to windward, and the helm put down; of course the bows of the ship began to fall off, and, as soon as her head was sufficiently near her course, the sheet was drawn, and the wheel shifted.

Captain Truck now ordered the foresail, which, by this time was ready, to be set. This important sail was got on the vessel, by bending the buntlines and leechlines to its head, and by hauling out the weather-head-cringle by means of the reef-tackle. As soon as this broad spread of canvass was on the ship, her motion was accelerated, and she

began to move away from the spot, followed by the furious cries and menaces of the Arabs. To the latter no one paid any heed, but they were audible until drowned in distance. Although aided by all her spars, and the force of the wind on her hull, a body as large as the Montauk required some little time to overcome the *vis inertiae*, and several anxious minutes passed before she was so far from the cover of the Arabs as to prevent their clamour from seeming to be in the very ears of those on board. When this did occur, it brought inexpressible relief, though it perhaps increased the danger, by increasing the chances of the bullets hitting objects on deck.

The course at first was nearly before the wind, when the flat rock, so often named, being reached, the ship was compelled to haul upon an easy bowline, in order to pass to windward of it. Here the staysails aft and the spanker were set, which aided in bringing the vessel to the wind, and the foretack was brought down. By laying straight out of the pass, a distance of only a hundred yards, the vessel would be

again clear of everything, and beyond all the dangers of the coast, so long as the present breeze stood. But the tide set the vessel bodily towards the rock, and her condition did not admit of pressing hard upon a bowline. Captain Truck was getting to be uneasy, for he soon perceived that they were nearing the danger, though very gradually, and he began to tremble for his copper. Still the vessel drew steadily a-head, and he had hopes of passing the outer edge of the rocks in safety. This outer edge was a broken, ragged, and pointed fragment, that would break in the planks should the vessel rest upon it an instant, while falling in that constant heaving and setting of the ocean, which now began to be very sensibly felt. After all his jeopardy, the old mariner saw that his safety was at a serious hazard, by one of those unforeseen but common risks that environ the seaman's life.

“Luff! luff! you can,” cried Captain Truck, glancing his eye from the rock to the sails, and from the sails to the rock. “Luff, sir,—you are at the pinch!”

“Luff it is, sir!” answered the man at the wheel, who stood abaft the hurricane-house, covered by its roof, over which he was compelled to look, to get a view of the sails. “Luff I may, and luff it is, sir.”

Paul stood at the captain’s side, the crew being ordered to keep themselves as much covered as possible, on account of the bullets of the Arabs, which were at this time pattering against the vessel, like hail at the close of a storm.

“We shall not weather that point of ragged rock,” exclaimed the young man quickly; “and if we touch it the ship will be lost.”

“Let her claw off,” returned the old man sternly. “Her cutwater is up with it already. Let her claw off.”

The bows of the ship were certainly up with the danger, and the vessel was slowly drawing a-head; but every moment its broadside was set nearer to the rock, which was now within fifty feet of them. The fore-chains were past the point, though little hope remained of clearing it abaft. A ship turns on her centre

of gravity as on a pivot, the two ends inclining in opposite directions; and Captain Truck hoped that as the bows were past the dangers, it might be possible to throw the after-part of the vessel up to the wind, by keeping away, and thus clear the spot entirely.

“Hard up with your helm!” he shouted; “hard up!—Haul down the mizen-staysail, and give her sheet!”

The sails were attended to, but no answer came from the wheel, nor did the vessel change her course.

“Hard up, I tell you, sir—hard up, hard up, and be d—d to you!”

The usual reply was not made. Paul sprang through the narrow gangway that led to the wheel. All that passed took but a minute, and yet it was the most critical minute that had yet befallen the Montauk; for had she touched that rock but for an instant, human art could hardly have kept her above water an hour.

“Hard up, and be d—d to you!” repeated Captain Truck in a voice of thunder, as Paul

darted round the corner of the hurricane-house.

The seaman stood at the wheel, grasping its spokes firmly, his eyes aloft as usual, but the turns of the tiller-rope showed that the order was not obeyed.

“Hard up, man, hard up! are you mad?” Paul uttered these words as he sprang to the wheel, which he made whirl with his own hands in the required direction. As for the seaman, he yielded his hold without resistance, and fell like a log, as the wheel flew round. A ball had entered his back, and passed through his heart, and yet he had stood steadily to the spokes, as the true seaman always clings to the helm while life lasts.

The bows of the ship fell heavily off, and her stern pressed up towards the wind; but the trifling delay so much augmented the risk, that nothing saved the vessel but the formation of the run and counter, which, by receding as usual, allowed room to escape the dangerous point, as the Montauk hove by on a swell.

Paul could not see the nearness of the

escape, but the purity of the water permitted Captain Truck and his mates to observe it with a distinctness that almost rendered them breathless. Indeed there was an instant when the sharp rock was hid beneath the counter, and each momentarily expected to hear the grating of the fragment, as it penetrated the vessel's bottom.

“Relieve that man at the wheel, and send him hither this moment,” said Captain Truck in a calm stern voice, that was more ominous than an oath.

The mate called a seaman, and passed aft himself to execute the order. In a minute he and Paul returned, bearing the body of the dead mariner, when all was explained.

“Lord, thy ways are unsearchable!” muttered the old master, uncovering himself, as the corpse was carried past, “and we are but as grains of seed, and as the vain butterflies, in thy hand!”

The rock once cleared, an open ocean lay to leeward of the packet, and, bringing the wind a little abaft the beam, she moved steadily

away from those rocks that had been the witnesses of all her recent dangers. It was not long before she was so distant that all danger from the Arabs ceased. The barbarians, notwithstanding, continued a dropping fire and furious gesticulations, long after their bullets and menaces became matters of indifference to those on board.

The body of the dead man was laid between the masts, and the order was passed to bend the sails. As all was ready, in half an hour the Montauk was standing off the land under her three top-sails, the reef now distant nearly a league. The courses came next, when the top-gallant yards were crossed and the sails set; the lighter canvass followed, and some time before the sun disappeared, the ship was under studding-sails, standing to the westward, before the trades.

For the first time since he received the intelligence that the Arabs were the masters of the ship, Captain Truck now felt real relief. He was momentarily happy after the combat, but new cares had pressed upon him so soon,

that he could scarcely be said to be tranquil. Matters were now changed. His vessel was in good order, if not equipped for racing, and, as he was in a low latitude, had the trade winds to befriend him, and no longer entertained any apprehension of his old enemy the Foam, he felt as if a mountain had been removed from his breast.

“Thank God,” he observed to Paul, “I shall sleep to-night without dreaming of Arabs or rocks, or scowling faces at New York. They may say that another man might have shown more skill in keeping clear of such a scrape, but they will hardly say that another man could have got out of it better. All this handsome outfit, too, will cost the owners nothing,—literally nothing; and I question if the poor Dane will ever appear to claim the sails and spars. I do not know that we are in possession of them exactly according to the law of Africa, for of that code I know little; or according to the law of nations, for Vattel, I believe, has nothing on the subject; but we are in possession so effectually, that, barring

nor'-westers on the American coast, I feel pretty certain of keeping them until we make the East River."

"It might be better to bury the dead," said Paul; for he knew Eve would scarcely appear on deck as long as the body remained in sight.

"Seamen, you know, are superstitious on the subject of corpses."

"I have thought of this, but hoped to cheat those two rascals of sharks that are following in our wake, as if they scented their food. It is an extraordinary thing, Mr. Blunt, that these fish should know when there is a body in a ship, and that they will follow it a hundred leagues to make sure of their prey."

"It would be extraordinary, if true; but in what manner has the fact been ascertained?"

"You see the two rascally pirates astern?" observed Mr. Leach.

"Very true; but we might also see them were there no dead body in the ship. Sharks abound in this latitude, and I have seen several about the reef since we went in."

"They'll be disappointed as to poor Tom

Smith," said the mate, "unless they dive deep for him. I have lashed one of Napoleon's busts to the fine fellow's feet, and he'll not fetch up till he is snugly anchored on the bottom."

"This is a fitting hour for solemn feelings," said the captain, gazing about him at the heavens and the gathering gloom of twilight. "Call all hands to bury the dead, Mr. Leach. I confess I would feel easier myself as to the weather, were the body fairly out of the ship."

While the mate went forward to muster the people, the captain took Paul aside with a request that he would perform the last offices for the deceased.

"I will read a chapter in the Bible myself," he said; "for I should not like the people to see one of the crew go overboard, and the officers have no word to say in the ceremonies; it might beget disrespect, and throw a slur on our knowledge; but you man-of-war's-men are generally more regularly brought up to prayers than us liners, and if you have a proper book by you, I should feel infinitely obliged if you

would give us a lift on this melancholy occasion."

Paul proposed that Mr. Effingham should be asked to officiate, as he knew that gentleman read prayers in his own cabin to his own party night and morning.

"Does he?" said the captain; "then he is my man, for he must have his hand in, and there will be no stammering or boggling. Ay, ay; he will fetch through on one tack. Toast, go below, and present my compliments to Mr. Effingham, and say I should like to speak to him; and, harkee, Toast, desire him to put a prayer-book in his pocket, and then step into my state-room, and bring up the Bible you will find under the pillow. The Arabs had a full chance at the plunder; but there is something about the book that always takes care of it. Few rogues, I've often remarked, care about a Bible. They would sooner steal ten novels than one copy of the sacred writ. This of mine was my mother's, Mr. Blunt, and I should have been a better man had I overhauled it oftener."

We pass over most of the arrangements, and come at once to the service and the state of the ship just as her inmates were assembled on an occasion which no want of formality can render anything but solemn and admonitory. The courses were hauled up, and the main-top-sail had been laid to the mast, a position in which a ship has always an air of stately repose. The body was laid on a plank that lay across a rail, the leaden bust being enclosed in the hammock that enveloped it : a spot of blood on the cloth alone betrayed the nature of the death. Around the body were grouped the crew, while Captain Truck and his mates stood at the gangway. The passengers were collected on the quarter-deck, with Mr. Effingham, holding a prayer-book, a little in advance.

The sun had just dipped into the ocean, and the whole western horizon was glorious with those soft, pearly, rainbow hues that adorn the evening and the morning of a low latitude during the soft weather of the autumnal months. To the eastward, the low line of coast was just discernible by the hillocks of

sand, leaving the imagination to portray its solitude and wastes. The sea in all other directions was dark and gloomy, and the entire character of the sunset was that of a grand picture of oceanic magnificence and extent, relieved by a sky in which the tints came and went like the well-known colours of the dolphin; to this must be added the gathering gloom of twilight.

Eve pressed the arm of John Effingham, and gazed with admiration and awe at the imposing scene.

“This is the seaman’s grave!” she whispered.

“And worthy it is to be the tomb of so gallant a fellow. The man died clinging to his post; and Powis tells me that his hand was loosened from the wheel with difficulty.

They were silent, for Captain Truck uncovered himself, as did all around him, placed his spectacles, and opened the sacred volume. The old mariner was far from critical in his selections of readings, and he usually chose some subject that he thought would most in-

terest his hearers, which were ordinarily those that most interested himself. To him Bible was Bible, and he now turned to the passage in the Acts of the Apostles in which the voyage of St. Paul from Judea to Rome is related. This he read with steadiness, some quaintness of pronunciation, and with a sort of breathing elasticity, whenever he came to those verses that touched particularly on the navigation.

Paul maintained his perfect self-command during this extraordinary exhibition, but an unbidden smile lingered around the handsome and chiseled mouth of Mr. Sharp. John Effingham's curved face was sedate and composed, while the females were too much impressed to exhibit any levity. As to the crew, they listened in profound attention, occasionally exchanging glances whenever any of the nautical expedients struck them as being out of rule.

As soon as this edifying chapter was ended, Mr. Effingham commenced the solemn rites for the dead. At the first sound of his voice a calm fell on the vessel as if the Spirit of

God had alighted from the clouds, and a thrill passed through the frames of the listeners. Those solemn words of the Apostle commencing with "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord, he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet he shall live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, he shall never die," could not have been better delivered. The voice, intonation, utterance, and manner, of Mr. Effingham, were eminently those of a gentleman; without pretension, quiet, simple, and mellow, while, on the other hand, they were feeling, dignified, distinct, and measured.

When he pronounced the words "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though, after my skin, worms destroy my body, yet in my flesh shall I see God, &c. &c." the men stared about them as if a real voice from heaven had made the declaration, and Captain Truck looked aloft like one expecting a trumpet-blast. The tears of Eve began to flow as she listened to the much-

loved tones ; and the stoutest heart in that much-tried ship quailed. John Effingham made the responses of the psalm steadily, and Mr. Sharp and Paul soon joined him. But the profoundest effect was produced when the office reached those consoling but startling words from the Revelations commencing with, "I heard a voice from Heaven saying unto me write, from henceforth blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," &c. Captain Truck afterwards confessed that he thought he heard the very voice, and the men actually pressed together in their alarm. The plunge of the body was also a solemn instant. It went off the end of the plank feet foremost, and carried rapidly down by the great weight of the lead, the water closed above it, obliterating every trace of the seaman's grave. Eve thought that its exit resembled the few brief hours that draw the veil of oblivion around the mass of mortals when they disappear from earth.

Instead of asking for the benediction at the close of the ceremony, Mr. Effingham

devoutly and calmly commenced the psalm of thanksgiving for victory, "If the Lord had not been on our side, now may we say, if the Lord himself had not been on our side, when men rose up against us, they would have swallowed us up quick, when they were so wrathfully displeased with us." Most of the gentlemen joined in the responses, and the silvery voice of Eve sounded sweet and holy amid the breathings of the ocean. *T'e Deum Laudamus*, "We praise thee, O God! we acknowledge thee to be the Lord!" "All the earth doth worship thee, the Father everlasting;" closed the offices, when Mr. Effingham dismissed his congregation with the usual layman's request for the benediction.

Captain Truck had never before been so deeply impressed with any religious ceremony, and when it ceased he looked wistfully over the side at the spot where the body had fallen, or where it might be supposed to have fallen—for the ship had drifted some distance,—as one takes a last look at the grave of a friend.

"Shall we fill the main-topsail, sir?" de-

manded Mr. Leach, after waiting a minute or two in deference to his commander's feelings; "or shall we hook on the yard-tackles, and stow the launch?"

"Not yet, Leach; not yet. It will be unkind to poor Jack to hurry away from his grave so indecently. I have observed that the people about the river always keep in sight till the last sod is stowed, and the rubbish is cleared away. The fine fellow stood to those spokes as a close-reefed topsail in a gale stands the surges of the wind, and we owe him this little respect."

"The boats, sir?"

"Let them tow awhile longer. It will seem like deserting him to be rattling the yard-tackles, and stowing boats directly over his head. Your gran'ther was a priest, Leach, and I wonder you don't see the impropriety of hurrying away from a grave. A little reflection will hurt none of us."

The mate admired at a mood so novel for his commander, but he was fain to submit. The day was fast closing notwithstanding,

and the skies were losing their brilliancy in hues that were still softer and more melancholy, as if nature delighted, too, in sympathizing with the feelings of these lone mariners!

CHAPTER VII.

Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain.

Lear.

THE barbarians had done much less injury to the ship and her contents than under the circumstances could have been reasonably hoped. The fact that nothing could be effectually landed where she lay was probably the cause, the bales that had actually been got out of the ship having been put upon the bank with a view to lighten her more than for any other reason. The compact, too, between the chiefs had its influence probably, though it could not have lasted long with so strong temptations to violate it constantly before the eyes of men habitually rapacious.

Of course, one of the first things after each individual had ascertained his own losses, was to inquire into those of his neighbours, and

the usual party in the ladies' cabin was seated around the sofa of Eve, about nine in the evening, conversing on this topic, after having held a short but serious discourse on their recent escape.

"You tell me, John, that Mr. Monday has a desire to sleep?" observed Mr. Effingham, in the manner in which one puts an interrogation.

"He is easier and dozes. I have left my man with him, with orders to summon me the instant he awakes."

A melancholy pause succeeded, and then the discourse took the channel from which it had been diverted.

"Is the extent of our losses in effects known?" asked Mr. Sharp. "My man reports some trifling *deficit*, but nothing of any value."

"Your counterfeit," returned Eve, smiling, "has been the principal sufferer. One would think by his complaints, that not a toy is left in Christendom."

"So long as they have not stolen from him his good name, I shall not complain; for

which I may have some use when we reach America, of which now, God be praised ! there are some flattering prospects."

" I understand from my connexions that the person who is known in the main cabin as Sir George Templemore, is not the person who is known as such in this," observed John Effingham, bowing to Mr. Sharp, who returned his salute as one acknowledges an informal introduction. " There are certainly weak men to be found in high stations all over the world, but you will probably think I am doing honour to my own sagacity when I say, that I suspected from the first that he was not the true Amphytrion. I had heard of Sir George Templemore, and had been taught to expect more in him than even a man of fashion—a man of the world—while this poor substitute can scarcely lay claim to be either."

John Effingham so seldom complimented that his kind words usually told, and Mr. Sharp acknowledged the politeness, more gratified than he was probably willing to acknowledge to himself. The other could have heard of him

only from Eve and her father, and it was doubly grateful to be spoken of favourably in such a quarter: he even thought there was a consciousness in the slight suffusion that appeared on the face of the daughter, which led him to hope that even the latter had not considered him unworthy of recollection; for he cared but little for the remembrances of Mr. Effingham if they could all be transferred to his child.

“This person, who does me the honour to relieve me from the trouble of bearing my own name,” he resumed, “cannot be of very lofty pretensions, or he would have aspired higher. I suspect him of being merely one of those silly young countrymen of mine of whom so many crowd stage-coaches and packets, to swagger over their less ambitious fellow-mortals with the strut and exactions of the hour.”

“And yet, apart from his folly in ‘sailing under false colours,’ as our worthy captain would call it, the man seems well enough.”

“A folly, cousin Jack,” said Eve with laughing eyes, though she maintained a per-

fect demureness with her beautiful features—
“that he shares in common with so many
others!”

“Very true, though I suspect he has climbed
to commit it, while others have been content to
descend. The man behaved himself well yesterday,
showing steadiness as well as spirit in
the fray.”

“I forgive him his usurpation for his conduct
on that occasion,” returned Mr. Sharp,
“and wish with all my heart the Arabs had
discovered less affection for his curiosities. I
should think that they must find themselves
embarrassed to ascertain the uses of some of
their prizes; such for instance, as the button-
hooks, the shoe-horn, knives with twenty
blades and other objects that denote a profound
civilization.”

“You have not spoken of your luck, Mr.
Powis,” added Mr. Effingham; “I trust you
have fared as well as most of us, though, had
they visited their enemies according to the
injury received from them, you would be among
the heaviest of the sufferers.”

“My loss,” replied Paul mournfully, “is not much in pecuniary value, though irreparable to me.”

A look of concern betrayed the general interest, for as he really seemed sad, there was a secret apprehension that his loss even exceeded that which his words would give them reason to suppose. Perceiving the curiosity that was awakened, and which was only suppressed by politeness, the young man added,

“I miss a miniature that, to me, is of inestimable value.”

Eve’s heart throbbed, while her eyes sunk to the carpet. The others seemed amazed, and after a brief pause, Mr. Sharp observed—

“A painting on its own account would hardly possess much value with such barbarians. Was the setting valuable?”

“It was of gold, of course, and had some merit in the way of workmanship. It has probably been taken as curious rather than for its specific value; though to me, as I have just said, the ship itself could scarcely be of more account,—certainly not as much prized.”

“ Many light articles have been merely mislaid ; taken away through curiosity or idleness, and left where the individual happened to be at the moment of changing his mind,” said John Effingham : “ several things of mine have been scattered through the cabin in this manner, and I understand that divers vestments of the ladies have found their way into the state-rooms of the other cabin ; particularly a night-cap of Mademoiselle Viefville’s, that has been discovered in Captain Truck’s room, and which that gallant seaman has forthwith condemned as a lawful waif. As he never uses such a device on his head, he will be compelled to wear it next his heart. He will be compelled to convert it into a *liberty-cap*.”

“ *Ciel !* if the excellent captain will carry us safe to New York,” coolly returned the governess, “ he shall have the prize, *de tout mon cœur, c’est un homme brave, et c’est aussi un brave homme, à sa façon.*”

“ Here are *two* hearts concerned in the affair already, and no one can foresee the consequences ; but,” turning to Paul “ describe this

miniature, if you please, for there are many in the vessel, and your's is not the only one that has been mislaid."

"It was a miniature of a female, and one, too, I think, that would be remarked for her beauty."

Eve felt a chill at her heart.

"If, sir, it is the miniature of an elderly lady," said Anne Sidley, "perhaps it is this which I found in Miss Eve's room, and which I intended to give to Captain Truck in order that it might reach the hands of its right owner."

Paul took the miniature, which he regarded coldly for a moment, and then returned to the nurse.

"Mine is the miniature of a female under twenty," he said, colouring as he spoke; "and is every way different from this."

This was the painful and humiliating moment when Eve Effingham was made to feel the extent and the nature of the interest she took in Paul Powis. On all the previous occasions in which her feelings had been strongly

awakened on his account, she had succeeded in deceiving herself as to the motive, but now the truth was felt in that overwhelming form that no sensitive heart can distrust.

No one had seen the miniature, though all observed the emotion with which Paul spoke of it, and all secretly wondered of whom it could be.

“The Arabs appear to have some such taste for the fine arts as distinguishes the population of a mushroom American city,” said John Effingham; “or, one that runs to portraits, which are admired while the novelty lasts, and then are consigned to the first spot that offers to receive them.”

“Are *your* miniatures all safe, Eve?” Mr. Effingham inquired with interest; for among them was one of her mother that he had yielded to her only through strong parental affection, but which it would have given him deep pain to discover was lost, though John Effingham, unknown to him, possessed a copy.

“It is with the jewellery in the baggage-room, dearest father, and untouched of course.

We are fortunate that our passing wants did not extend beyond our comforts, and luckily they are not of a nature to be much prized by barbarians. Coquetry and a ship have little in common, and Mademoiselle Viefville and myself had not much out to tempt the marauders."

As Eve uttered this, both the young men involuntarily turned their eyes towards her, each thinking that a being so fair stood less in need than common of the factitious aid of ornaments. She was dressed in a dark French chintz, that her maid had fitted to her person in a manner that it would seem none but a French assistant can accomplish, setting off her falling shoulders, finely moulded bust, and slender-rounded waist, in a way to present a modest outline of their perfection. The dress had that polished medium between fashion and its exaggeration, that always denotes a high association, and perhaps a cultivated mind,—certainly a cultivated taste,—offending neither usage on the one hand, nor self-respect and a chaste appreciation of beauty on the other. Indeed Eve was distinguished

for that important acquisition to a gentlewoman, an intellectual or refined toilette; not intellect and refinement in extravagance and caricature, but as they are displayed in fitness, simplicity, elegance, and the proportions. This much, perhaps, she owed to native taste, as the slight air of fashion, and the high air of a gentlewoman, that were thrown about her person and attire, were the fruits of an intimate connexion with the best society of half the capitals of the European continent. As an unmarried female, modesty, the habits of the part of the world in which she had so long dwelt, and her own sense of propriety, caused her to respect simplicity of appearance; but through this, as it might be in spite of herself, shone qualities of a superior order. The little hand and foot, so beautiful and delicate, the latter just peeping from the dress under which it was usually concealed, appeared as if formed expressly to adorn a taste that was every way feminine and alluring.

“It is one of the mysteries of the grand designs of Providence, that men should exist

in conditions so widely distant from each other," said John Effingham abruptly, "with a common nature that can be so much varied by circumstances. It is almost humiliating to find one's-self a man, when beings like these Arabs are to be classed as fellows."

"The most instructed and refined, cousin Jack, may get a useful lesson, notwithstanding your disrelish for the consanguinity, from this very identity of nature," said Eve, who made a rally to overcome feelings that she deemed girlish and weak. "By showing us what we might be ourselves, we get an admonition of humility; or by reflecting on the difference that is made by education, does it not strike you that there is an encouragement to persevere until even better things are attained."

"This globe is but a ball, and a ball, too, insignificant, even when compared with the powers of man," continued the other. "How many navigators now circle it: even you, sir, may have done this, young as you still are," turning to Paul, who made a bow of assent; "and yet, within these narrow limits what

wonderful varieties of physical appearance, civilization, laws, and even of colour, do we find, all mixed up with points of startling affinity."

"So far as a limited experience has enabled me to judge," observed Paul, "I have everywhere found, not only the same nature, but a common innate sentiment of justice that seems universal; for even amidst the wildest scenes of violence, or even the most ungovernable outrages, this sentiment glimmers through the more brutal features of the being. The rights of property, for instance, are everywhere acknowledged; the very wretch who steals whenever he can appearing conscious of his crime, by doing it clandestinely, and as a deed that shuns observation. All seem to have the same general notions of natural justice, and they are forgotten only through the policy of systems, irresistible temptation, the pressure of want, or the result of contention."

"Yet, as a rule, man everywhere oppresses his weaker fellow."

"True; but he betrays consciousness of his error, directly or indirectly. One can show

his sense of the magnitude of his crime even by the manner of defending it. As respects our late enemies, I cannot say I felt any emotion of animosity, while the hottest engaged against them, for their usages have rendered their proceedings lawful."

"They tell me," interrupted Mr. Effingham, "that it is owing to your presence of mind and steadiness that more blood was not shed unnecessarily."

"It may be questioned," continued Paul, noticing this compliment merely by an inclination of the head, "if civilized people have not reasoned themselves, under the influence of interest, into the commission of deeds quite as much opposed to natural justice as anything done by these barbarians. Perhaps no nation is perfectly free from the just imputation of having adopted some policy quite as unjustifiable in itself as the system of plunder maintained among the Arabs."

"Do you count the rights of hospitality as nothing?"

"Look at France, a nation distinguished for

refinement, among its rulers at least. It was but the other day that the effects of the stranger who died in her territory were appropriated to the uses of a monarch wallowing in luxury. Compare this law with the treaties that invited strangers to repair to the country, and the wants of the monarch who exhibited the rapacity, to the situation of the barbarians from whom we have escaped, and the magnitude of the temptation we offered, and it does not appear that the advantage is much with Christians. But the fate of shipwrecked mariners all over the world is notorious. In countries the most advanced in civilization they are plundered, if there is an opportunity, and, at need, frequently murdered."

"This is a frightful picture of humanity," said Eve shuddering. "I do not think that this charge can be justly brought against America."

"That is far from certain. America has many advantages to weaken the temptation to crime, but she is very far from perfect. The people on some of her coasts have been accused

of resorting to the old English practice of showing false lights, with a view to mislead vessels, and of committing cruel depredations on the wrecked. In all things I believe there is a disposition in man to make misfortune weigh heaviest on the unfortunate. Even the coffin in which we inter a friend costs more than any other piece of work of the same amount of labour and materials."

"This is a gloomy picture of humanity, to be drawn by one so young," Mr. Effingham mildly rejoined.

"I think it true. All men do not exhibit their selfishness and ferocity in the same way; but there are few who do not exhibit both. As for America, Miss Effingham, she is fast getting vices peculiar to herself and her system, and, I think, vices which bid fair to bring her down, ere long, to the common level, although I do not go quite so far in describing her demerits as some of the countrymen of Mademoiselle Viefville have gone."

"And what may that have been?" asked the governess eagerly in English.

“*Pourri avant d'être mure.* *Mure*, America is certainly far from being; but I am not disposed to accuse her yet of being quite *pourri*.”

“We had flattered ourselves,” said Eve a little reproachfully, “with having, at last, found a countryman in Mr. Powis.”

“And how would that change the question? Or, do you admit that an American can be no American, unless blind to the faults of the country, however great?”

“Would it be generous for a child to turn upon a parent that all others assail?”

“You put the case ingeniously, but scarcely with fairness. It is the duty of the parent to educate and correct the child, but it is the duty of the citizen to reform and improve the character of his country. How can the latter be done, if nothing but eulogies are dealt in? With foreigners one should not deal too freely with the faults of his country, though even with the liberal among them one would wish to be liberal, for foreigners cannot repair the evil; but with one's countrymen I see little use, and much danger, in observing a silence

as to faults. The American, of all others, it appears to me, should be the boldest in denouncing the common and national vices, since he is one of those who, by the institutions themselves, has the power to apply the remedy."

"But America is an exception, I think; or perhaps it would be better to say I *feel*, since all other people deride at, mock her, and dislike her. You will admit this yourself, Sir George Templemore?"

"By no means: in England, now, I consider America to be particularly well esteemed."

Eve held up her pretty hands, and even Mademoiselle Viefville, usually so well-toned and self-restrained, gave a visible shrug.

"Sir George means in his county," drily observed John Effingham.

"Perhaps the parties would better understand each other," said Paul coolly, "were Sir George Templemore to descend to particulars. He belongs himself to the liberal school, and may be considered a safe witness."

"I shall be compelled to protest against a

cross-examination on such a subject," returned the baronet, laughing. "You will be satisfied, I am certain, with my simple declaration. Perhaps we still regard the Americans as *tant soit peu* rebels; but that is a feeling which will soon cease."

"That is precisely the point on which I think liberal Englishmen usually do great justice to America, while it is on other points that they betray a national dislike."

"England believes America hostile to herself; and if love creates love, dislike creates dislike."

"This is at least something like admitting the truth of the charge, Miss Effingham," said John Effingham smiling, "and we may dismiss the accused. It is odd enough that England should consider America as rebellious, as is the case with many Englishmen, I acknowledge, while, in truth, England herself was the rebel, and this, too, in connexion with the very questions that produced the American revolution."

"This is quite new," said Sir George, "and

I confess some curiosity to see how it can be made out."

John Effingham did not hesitate about stating his case.

"In the first place you are to forget professions and names," he said, "and to look only at facts and things. When America was settled, a compact was made, either in the way of charters or of organic laws, by which all the colonies had distinct rights, while, on the other hand, they confessed allegiance to the king. But in that age the English monarch *was* a king. He used his veto on the laws, for instance, and otherwise exercised his prerogatives. Of the two, he influenced parliament more than parliament influenced him. In such a state of things, countries separated by an ocean might be supposed to be governed equitably, the common monarch feeling a common parental regard for all his subjects. Perhaps distance might render him even more tender of the interest of those who were not present to protect themselves."

"This is putting the case loyally, at least,"

said Sir George, as the other paused for a moment.

“It is precisely in that light that I wish to present it. The degree of power that parliament possessed over the colonies was a disputed point; but I am willing now to allow that parliament had all power.”

“In doing which, I fear, you will concede all the merits,” said Mr. Effingham.

“I think not, sir. Parliament then ruled the colonies absolutely and legally, if you please, under the Stuarts; but the English rebelled against these Stuarts, dethroned them, and gave the crown to an entirely new family, —one with only a remote alliance with the reigning branch. Not satisfied with this, the king was curtailed in his authority; the prince, who might with justice be supposed to feel a common interest in all his subjects, became a mere machine in the hands of a body who represented little more than themselves, in fact, or a mere fragment of the empire, even in theory; transferring the control of the colonial interest from the sovereign himself to a portion

of his people, and that, too, a small portion. This was no longer a government of a prince who felt a parental concern for all his subjects, but a government of a *clique* of his subjects, who felt a selfish concern only for their own interests."

"And did the Americans urge this reason for the revolt?" asked Sir George. "It sounds new to me."

"They quarrelled with the results, rather than with the cause. When they found that legislation was to be chiefly in the interests of England, they took the alarm, and seized their arms, without stopping to analyse causes. They probably were mystified too much with names and professions to see the real truth, though they got some noble glimpses of it."

"I have never before heard this case put so strongly," cried John Effingham; "and yet I think it contains the whole merits of the controversy as a principle."

"It is extraordinary how nationality blinds us," observed Sir George laughing. "I confess, Powis,"—the late events had produced a

close intimacy and a sincere regard between these two fine young men,—“that I stand in need of an explanation.”

“You can conceive of a monarch,” continued John Effingham, “who possesses an extensive and efficient power?”

“Beyond doubt; nothing can be plainer than that.”

“Fancy this monarch to fall into the hands of a fragment of his subjects, who reduce his authority to a mere profession, and begin to wield it for their own especial benefit, no longer leaving him a free agent, though always using the authority in his name.”

“Even that is easily imagined.”

“History is full of such instances. A part of the subjects, unwilling to be the dupes of such a fraud, revolt against the monarch in name, against the cabal in fact. Now who are the real rebels? Profession is nothing. Hyder Ally never seated himself in the presence of the prince he had deposed, though he held him captive during life.”

“But did not America acquiesce in the de-

thronement of the Stuarts?" asked Eve, in whom the love of the right was stronger even than the love of country.

"Beyond a doubt, though America neither foresaw nor acquiesced in all the results. The English themselves, probably, did not foresee the consequences of their own revolution; for we now find England almost in arms against the consequences of the very subversion of the kingly power of which I have spoken. In England it placed a portion of the higher classes in possession of authority, at the expense of all the rest of the nation; whereas, as respects America, it set a remote people to rule over her, instead of a prince, who had the same connexion with his colonies as with all the rest of his subjects. The late English reform is a peaceable revolution; and America would very gladly have done the same thing, could she have extricated herself from the consequences, by mere acts of congress. The whole difference is, that America, pressed upon by peculiar circumstances, preceded England in the revolt about sixty years, and that this revolt was

against an usurper, and not against the legitimate monarch, or against the sovereign himself."

"I confess all this is novel to me," exclaimed Sir George.

"I have told you, Sir George Templemore, that, if you stay long enough in America, many novel ideas will suggest themselves. You have too much sense to travel through the country seeking for petty exceptions that may sustain your aristocratical prejudices, or opinions, if you like that better; but will be disposed to judge a nation, not according to preconceived notions, but according to visible facts."

"They tell me there is a strong bias to aristocracy in America; at least such is the report of most European travellers."

"The report of men who do not reflect closely on the meaning of words. That there are real aristocrats in opinion in America is very true; there are also a few monarchists, or those who fancy themselves monarchists."

"Can a man be deceived on such a point?"

"Nothing is more easy. He who would set

up a king merely in name, for instance, is not a monarchist, but a visionary, who confounds names with things."

"I see you will not admit of a balance in the state."

"I shall contend that there must be a preponderating authority in every government, from which it derives its character; and if this be not the king, that government is not a real monarchy, let the laws be administered in whose name they may. Calling an idol Jupiter does not convert it into a god. I question if there be a real monarchist left in the English empire at this very moment. They who make the loudest professions that way strike me as being the rankest aristocrats; and a real political aristocrat is, and always has been, the most efficient enemy of kings."

"But we consider loyalty to the prince as attachment to the system."

"That is another matter; for in that you may be right enough, though it is ambiguous as to terms."

"Sir—gentlemen—Mr. John Effingham, sir,"

interrupted Saunders, " Mr. Monday is awake, and so werry convalescent—I fear he will not live long. The ship herself is not so much converted by these new spars as poor Mr. Monday is converted since he went to sleep."

" I feared this," observed John Effingham, rising. " Acquaint Captain Truck with the fact, steward : he desired to be sent for at any crisis.

He then quitted the cabin, leaving the rest of the party wondering that they could have been already so lost to the situation of one of their late companions, however different from themselves he might be in opinions and character. But in this they merely showed their common connexion with all the rest of the great family of man, who uniformly forget sorrows that do not press too hard on self, in the reaction of their feelings.

CHAPTER VIII.

Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night?

ISAIAH.

THE principal hurt of Mr. Monday was one of those wounds that usually produce death within eight-and-forty hours. He had borne the pain with resolution; and, as yet, had discovered no consciousness of the imminent danger that was so apparent to all around him. But a film had suddenly passed from before his senses; and, a man of mere habits, prejudices, and animal enjoyments, he had awakened at the very termination of his brief existence to something like a consciousness of his true position in the moral world, as well as of his real physical condition. Under the first impulse of such an alarm, John Ef-

fingham had been sent for; and he, as has been seen, ordered Captain Truck to be summoned. In consequence of the previous understanding, these two gentlemen and Mr. Leach appeared at the state-room door at the same instant. The apartment being small, it was arranged between them that the former should enter first, having been expressly sent for; and that the others should be introduced at the pleasure of the wounded man.

“I have brought my Bible, Mr. Leach,” said the captain when he and the mate were left alone, “for a chapter is the very least we can give a cabin-passenger, though I am a little at a loss to know what particular passage will be the most suitable for the occasion. Something from the book of Kings would be likely to suit Mr. Monday, as he is a thorough-going king’s man.”

“It is so long since I read that particular book, sir,” returned the mate, diligently thumbing his watch-key, “that I should be diffident about expressing an opinion. I think, however, a little Bible might do him good.”

“It is not an easy matter to hit a conscience exactly between wind and water. I once thought of producing an impression on the ship’s company by reading the account of Jonah and the whale as a subject likely to attract their attention, and to show them the hazard we seamen run; but, in the end, I discovered that the narration struck them all aback as a thing not likely to be true. Jack can stand anything but a fish story, you know, Leach.”

“It is always better to keep clear of miracles at sea I believe, sir, when the people are to be spoken to: I saw some of the men this evening wince about that ship of St. Paul’s carrying out anchors in a gale.”

“The graceless rascals ought to be thankful they are not at this very moment trotting through the great desert lashed to dromedaries’ tails! Had I known that, Leach, I would have read the verse twice! But Mr. Monday is altogether a different man, and will listen to reason. There is the story of Absalom, which is quite interesting; and perhaps the

account of the battle might be suitable for one who dies in consequence of a battle; but, on the whole, I remember my worthy old father used to say that a sinner ought to be well shaken up at such a moment."

"I fancy, sir, Mr. Monday has been a reasonably steady man as the world goes. Seeing that he is a passenger, I should try and ease him off handsomely, and without any of these methodist surges."

"You may be right, Leach, you may be right; do as you would be done by is the golden rule after all. But, here comes Mr. John Effingham; so I fancy we may enter."

The captain was not mistaken, for Mr. Monday had just taken a restorative, and had expressed a desire to see the two officers. The state-room was a small, neat, and even beautifully finished apartment, about seven feet square. It had originally been fitted with two berths; but, previously to taking possession of the place, John Effingham had caused the carpenter to remove the upper, and Mr. Monday now lay in what had been

the lower bed. This situation placed him below his attendant, and in a position where he might be the more easily assisted. A shaded lamp lighted the room, by means of which the captain caught the anxious expression of the dying man's eye as he took a seat himself.

"I am grieved to see you in this state, Mr. Monday," said the master, "and this all the more since it has happened in consequence of your bravery in fighting to regain my ship. By rights this accident ought to have befallen one of the Montauk's people, or Mr. Leach here, or even on myself, before it befel you."

Mr. Monday looked at the speaker as if the intended consolation had failed of its effect, and the captain began to suspect that he should find a difficult subject for his new ministrations. By way of gaining time, he thrust an elbow into the mate's side as a hint that it was now his turn to offer something.

"It might have been worse, Mr. Monday," observed Leach, shifting his attitude like a

man whose moral and physical action moved *pari passu*: "it might have been much worse. I once saw a man shot in the under jaw, and he lived a fortnight without any sort of nourishment!"

Still Mr. Monday gazed at the mate as if he thought matters could not be much worse.

"That *was* a hard case," put in the captain; "why, the poor fellow had no opportunity to recover without victuals."

"No, sir, nor any drink. He never swallowed a mouthful of liquor of any sort from the time he was hit until he took the plunge when we threw him overboard."

Perhaps there is truth in the saying that "misery loves company," for the eye of Mr. Monday turned towards the table on which the bottle of cordial still stood, and from which John Effingham had just before helped him to a swallow, under the impression that it was of no moment what he took. The captain understood the appeal, and influenced by the same opinion concerning the hopelessness of the patient's condition, besides being kindly

anxious to console him, he poured out a small glass, all of which he permitted the other to drink. The effect was instantaneous, for it would seem this treacherous friend is ever to produce a momentary pleasure as a poor compensation for its lasting pains.

"I don't feel so bad, gentlemen," returned the wounded man with a force of voice that startled his visitors. "I feel better—much better, and am very glad to see you. Captain Truck, I have the honour to drink your health."

The captain looked at the mate as if he thought their visit was twenty-four hours too soon, for live, all felt sure, Mr. Monday could not. But Leach, better placed to observe the countenance of the patient, whispered his commander that it was merely "a catspaw, and will not stand."

"Am very glad to see you both, gentlemen," continued Mr. Monday, "and beg you to help yourselves."

The captain changed his tactics. Finding his patient so strong and cheerful, he thought

consolation would be more easily received just at that moment, than it might be even half an hour later.

“We are all mortal, Mr. Monday——”

“—Yes, sir ; all very mortal.”

“And even the strongest and boldest ought occasionally to think of their end.”

“Quite true, sir ; quite true. The strongest and boldest. When do you think we shall get in, gentlemen ?”

Captain Truck afterwards affirmed that he was “never before taken so flat aback by a question as by this.” Still he extricated himself from the dilemma with dexterity, the spirit of proselytism apparently arising within him in proportion as the other manifested indifference to his offices.

“There is a port to which we are all steering, my dear sir,” he said ; “and of which we ought always to bear in mind the landmarks and beacons, and that port is Heaven.”

“Yes,” added Mr. Leach, “a port that, sooner or later, will fetch us all up.”

Mr. Monday gazed from one to the other,

and something like the state of feeling, from which he had been aroused by the cordial, began to return.

“Do you think me so bad, gentlemen?” he inquired, with a little of the eagerness of a startled man.

“As bad as one bound direct to so good a place, as I hope and trust is the case with you, can be,” returned the captain, determined to follow up the advantage he had gained. “Your wound, we fear, is mortal, and people seldom remain long in this wicked world with such sort of hurts.”

“If he stands that,” thought the captain, “I shall turn him over, at once, to Mr. Effingham.”

Mr. Monday did not stand it. The moral illusion produced by the liquor, although the latter still sustained his pulses, had begun already to evaporate, and the melancholy truth once more resumed its power.

“I believe, indeed, that I am near my end, gentlemen,” he said faintly; “and am thankful—for—for this consolation.”

“ Now will be a good time to throw in the chapter,” whispered Leach ; “ he seems quite conscious, and very contrite.”

Captain Truck, in pure despair, and conscious of his own want of judgment, had determined to leave the question of the selection of this chapter to be decided by chance. Perhaps a little of that mysterious dependence on Providence, which renders all men more or less superstitious, influenced him ; and that he hoped a wisdom surpassing his own might direct him to a choice. Fortunately, the book of Psalms is near the middle of the sacred volume, and a better disposition of this sublime repository of pious praise and spiritual wisdom could not have been made ; for the chance-directed peruser of the Bible will perhaps oftener open among its pages than at any other place.

If we should say that Mr. Monday felt any very profound spiritual relief from the reading of Captain Truck, we should both overrate the manner of the honest sailor, and the intelligence of the dying man. Still the solemn

language of praise and admonition had an effect, and, for the first time since childhood, the soul of the latter was moved. God and judgment passed before his imagination, and he gasped for breath in a way that induced the two seamen to suppose the fatal moment had come, even sooner than they expected. The cold sweat stood upon the forehead of the patient, and his eyes glared wildly from one to the other. The paroxysm, however, was transient, and he soon settled down into a state of comparative calmness, pushing away the glass that Captain Truck offered, in mistaken kindness, with a manner of loathing.

“ We must comfort him, Leach,” whispered the captain ; “ for I see he is fetching up in the old way, as was duly laid down by our ancestors in the platform. First, groanings and views of the devil, and then consolation and hope. We have got him into the first category, and we ought now, in justice, to bring-to, and heave a strain to help him through it.”

“ They generally give ’em prayer, in the

river, in this stage of the attack," said Leach. "If you can remember a short prayer, sir, it might ease him off."

Captain Truck and his mate, notwithstanding the quaintness of their thoughts and language, were themselves solemnly impressed with the scene, and actuated by the kindest motives. Nothing of levity mingled with their notions, but they felt the responsibility of officers of a packet, besides entertaining a generous interest in the fate of a stranger who had fallen, fighting manfully at their side. The old man looked awkwardly about him, turned the key of the door, wiped his eyes, gazed wistfully at the patient, gave his mate a nudge with his elbow to follow his example, and knelt down with a heart momentarily as devout as is often the case with those who minister at the altar. He retained the words of the Lord's Prayer, and these he repeated aloud, distinctly, and with fervour, though not with a literal conformity to the text. Once Mr. Leach had to help him to the word. When he rose, the perspiration stood on his

forehead, as if he had been engaged in severe toil.

Perhaps nothing could have occurred more likely to strike the imagination of Mr. Monday than to see one, of the known character and habits of Captain Truck, thus wrestling with the Lord in his own behalf. Always obtuse and dull of thought, the first impression was that of wonder; awe and contrition followed. Even the mate was touched, and he afterwards told his companion on deck, that "the hardest day's work he had ever done, was lending a hand to rouse the captain through that prayer."

"I thank you, sir," gasped Mr. Monday, "I thank you—Mr. John Effingham—now, let me see Mr. John Effingham. I have no time to lose, and wish to see *him*."

The captain rose to comply, with the feeling of a man who had done his duty, and, from that moment, he had a secret satisfaction at having so manfully acquitted himself. Indeed, it has been remarked by those who have listened to his whole narrative of the passage, that he invariably lays more stress on

the scene in the state-room, than on the readiness and skill with which he repaired the damages sustained by his own ship, through the means obtained from the Dane, or the spirit with which he retook her from the Arabs.

John Effingham appeared in the state-room, where the captain and Mr. Leach left him alone with the patient. Like all strong-minded men, who are conscious of their superiority over the rest of their fellow creatures, this gentleman felt most disposed to concede to those who were the least able to contend with him. Habitually sarcastic and stern, and sometimes forbidding, he was now mild and discreet. He saw, at a glance, that Mr. Monday's mind was alive to novel feelings, and aware that the approach of death frequently removes moral clouds that have concealed the powers of the spirit while the animal part of the being was in full vigour, he was not surprised at observing the sudden change that was so apparent in the countenance of the dying man.

“ I believe, sir, I have been a great sinner,”

commenced Mr. Monday, who spoke more feebly as the influence of the cordial evaporated, and in short and broken sentences.

“In that you share the lot of all,” returned John Effingham. “We are taught that no man of himself, no unaided soul, is competent to its own salvation. Christians look to the Redeemer for succour.”

“I believe I understand you, but I am a business man, sir, and have been taught that reparation is the best atonement for a wrong.”

“It certainly should be the *first*.”

“Yes, indeed it should, sir. I am but the son of poor parents, and may have been tempted to some things that are improper.—My mother, too, I was her only support.—Well, the Lord will pardon it, if it were wrong, as I dare say it might have been.—I think I should have drunk less and thought more, but for this affair—perhaps it is not yet too late.”

John Effingham listened with surprise, but with the coolness and sagacity that marked his character. He saw the necessity, or at least the prudence, of there being another witness

present. Taking advantage of the exhaustion of the speaker, he stepped to the door of Eve's cabin, and signed to Paul to follow him. They entered the state-room together, when John Effingham took Mr. Monday soothingly by the hand, offering him a nourishment less exciting than the cordial, but which had the effect to revive him.

“I understand you, sir,” continued Mr. Monday, looking at Paul; “it is all very proper; but I have little to say—the papers will explain it all. Those keys, sir—the upper drawer of the bureau, and the red morocco case—take it all—this is the key. I have kept everything together, from a misgiving that an hour would come. In New York you will have time—it is not yet too late.”

As the wounded man spoke at intervals, and with difficulty, John Effingham had complied with his directions before he ceased. He found the red morocco case, took the key from the ring, and showed both to Mr. Monday, who smiled and nodded approbation. The bureau contained paper, wax, and all the other appli-

ances of writing. John Effingham inclosed the case in a strong envelope, and affixed to it three seals, which he impressed with his own arms; he then asked Paul for his watch, that the same might be done with the seal of his companion. After this precaution, he wrote a brief declaration that the contents had been delivered to the two, for the purpose of examination, and for the benefit of the parties concerned, whoever they might be, and signed it. Paul did the same, and the paper was handed to Mr. Monday, who had still strength to add his own signature.

“Men do not usually trifle at such moments,” said John Effingham, “and this case may contain matter of moment to wronged and innocent persons. The world little knows the extent of the enormities that are thus committed. Take the case, Mr. Powis, and lock it up with your effects, until the moment for the examination shall come.”

Mr. Monday was certainly much relieved after this consignment of the case into safe hands, trifles satisfying the compunctions of

the obtuse. For more than an hour he slumbered. During this interval of rest Captain Truck appeared at the door of the state-room to inquire into the condition of the patient, and, hearing a report so favourable, in common with all whose duty did not require them to watch, he retired to rest. Paul had also returned, and offered his services, as indeed did most of the gentlemen; but John Effingham dismissed his own servant even, and declared it was his intention not to quit the place that night. Mr. Monday had reposed confidence in him, appeared to be gratified by his attentions and presence, and he felt it to be a sort of duty under such circumstances not to desert a fellow-creature in his extremity. Anything beyond some slight alleviation of the sufferer's pains was hopeless; but this, he rightly believed, he was as capable of administering as another.

Death is appalling to those of the most iron nerves, when it comes quietly and in the stillness and solitude of night. John Effingham was such a man; but he felt all the peculiarity

of his situation as he sat alone in the state-room by the side of Mr. Monday, listening to the washing of the waters that the ship shoved aside, and to the unquiet breathing of his patient. Several times he felt a disposition to steal away for a few minutes, and to refresh himself by exercise in the pure air of the ocean ; but as often was the inclination checked by jealous glances from the glazed eye of the dying man, who appeared to cherish his presence as his own last hope in life. When John Effingham wetted the feverish lips, the look he received spoke of gratitude and thanks, and once or twice these feelings were audible in whispers. He could not desert a being so helpless, so dependent ; and, although conscious that he was of no material service beyond sustaining his patient by his presence, he felt that this was sufficient to exact much heavier sacrifices.

During one of the troubled slumbers of the dying man his attendant sat watching the struggles of his countenance, which seemed to betray the workings of the soul that was about

to quit its tenement, and he mused on the character and fate of the being whose departure for the world of spirits he himself was so singularly called on to witness !

“ Of his origin I know nothing,” thought John Effingham, “ except by his own passing declarations, and the evident fact that, as regards station, it can scarcely have reached mediocrity. He is one of those who appear to live for the most vulgar motives that are admissible among men of any culture, and whose refinement, such as it is, is purely of the conventional class of habits. Ignorant, beyond the current opinions of a set ; prejudiced in all that relates to nations, religions, and characters ; wily, with an air of blustering honesty ; credulous and intolerant ; bold in denunciations and critical remarks, without a spark of discrimination, or any knowledge but that which has been acquired under a designing dictation ; as incapable of generalizing as he is obstinate in trifles ; good-humoured by nature, and yet querulous from imitation ;—for what purposes was such a creature brought into

existence, to be hurried out of it in this eventful manner !” The conversation of the evening recurred to John Effingham, and he inwardly said, “ If there exist such varieties of the human race among nations, there are certainly as many species, in a moral sense, in civilized life itself. This man has his counterpart in a particular feature in the every-day American absorbed in the pursuit of gain ; and yet how widely different are the two in the minor points of character ! While the other allows himself no rest, no relaxation, no mitigation of the eternal gnawing of the vulture rapacity, this man has made self-indulgence the constant companion of his toil ; while the other has centred all his pleasures in gain, this Englishman, with the same object in view, but obedient to national usages, has fancied he has been alleviating his labours by sensual enjoyments. In what will their ends differ ? From the eyes of the American the veil will be torn aside when it is too late, perhaps, and the object of his earthly pursuit will be made the instrument of his punishment, as he sees him-

self compelled to quit it all for the dark uncertainty of the grave; while the blusterer and the bottle-companion sinks into a forced and appalled repentance as the animal that has hitherto upheld him loses its ascendancy."

A groan from Mr. Monday, who now opened his glassy eyes, interrupted these musings. The patient signed for the nourishment, and he revived a little.

"What is the day of the week?" he asked, with an anxiety that surprised his kind attendant.

"It is, or rather it *was*, Monday; for we are now past midnight."

"I am glad of it, sir—very glad of it."

"Why should the day of the week be of consequence to you now?"

"There is a saying, sir—I have faith in sayings—they told me I was born of a Monday, and should die of a Monday."

The other was shocked at this evidence of a lingering and abject superstition in one who could not probably survive many hours, and he spoke to him of the Saviour, and of his

mediation for man. All this could John Effingham do at need; and he could do it well too, for few had clearer perceptions of this state of probation than himself. His weak point was in the pride and strength of his character; qualities that indisposed him in his own practice to rely on any but himself, under the very circumstances which would impress on others the necessity of relying solely on God. The dying man heard him attentively, and the words made a momentary impression.

“I do not wish to die, sir,” Mr. Monday said suddenly, after a long pause.

“It is the general fate; when the moment arrives, we ought to prepare ourselves to meet it.”

“I am no coward, Mr. Effingham.”

“In one sense I know you are not, for I have seen you proved. I hope you will not be one in any sense. You are now in a situation in which manhood will avail you nothing: your dependance should be placed altogether on God.”

"I know it, sir—I try to feel thus ; but I do not wish to die."

"The love of Christ is illimitable," said John Effingham, powerfully affected by the other's hopeless misery.

"I know it—I hope it—I wish to believe it. Have *you* a mother, Mr. Effingham?"

"She has been dead many years."

"A wife?"

John Effingham gasped for breath, and one might have mistaken him, at the moment, for the sufferer.

"None: I am without parent, brother, sister, wife, or child. My nearest relatives are in this ship."

"I am of little value ; but, such as I am, my mother will miss me. We can have but one mother, sir."

"This is very true. If you have any commission or message for your mother, Mr. Monday, I shall have great satisfaction in attending to your wishes."

"I thank you, sir ; I know of none. She has her notions on religion, and—I think it

would lessen her sorrow to hear that I had Christian burial."

"Set your heart at rest on that subject: all that our situation will allow, shall be done."

"Of what account will it all be, Mr. Effingham? I wish I had drunk less, and thought more."

John Effingham could say nothing to a compunction that was so necessary, though so tardy.

"I fear we think too little of this moment in our health and strength, sir."

"The greater the necessity, Mr. Monday, of turning our thoughts towards that divine mediation which alone can avail us, while there is yet opportunity."

But Mr. Monday was startled by the near approach of death, rather than repentant. He had indurated his feelings by the long and continued practice of a deadening self-indulgence, and he was now like a man who unexpectedly finds himself in the presence of an imminent and overwhelming danger, without any visible means of mitigation or escape. He groaned

and looked around him, as if he sought something to cling to, the spirit he had shown in the pride of his strength availing nothing. All these, however, were but passing emotions, and the natural obtusity of the man returned.

“I do not think, sir,” he said, gazing intently at John Effingham, “that I have been a very great sinner.”

“I hope not, my good friend ; yet none of us are so free from spot as not to require the aid of God to fit us for his holy presence.”

“Very true, sir—very true, sir. I was duly baptized and properly confirmed.”

“Offices which are but pledges that we are expected to redeem.”

“By a regular priest and bishop, sir ;—orthodox and dignified clergymen !”

“No doubt : England wants none of the forms of religion. But the contrite heart, Mr. Monday, will be sure to meet with mercy.”

“I feel contrite, sir ; very contrite.”

A pause of half an hour succeeded, and John Effingham thought at first that his patient again slumbered ; but, looking more closely

at his situation, he perceived that his eyes often opened and wandered over objects near him. Unwilling to disturb this apparent tranquillity, the minutes were permitted to pass away uninterrupted, until Mr. Monday spoke again of his own accord.

“ Mr. Effingham—sir—Mr. Effingham,” said the dying man.

“ I am near you, Mr. Monday, and will not leave the room.”

“ Bless you, bless you, do not *you* desert me !”

“ I shall remain : set your heart at rest, and let me know your wants.”

“ Wants ! I want life, sir !”

“ That is the gift of God, and its possession depends solely on his pleasure. Ask pardon for your sins, and remember the mercy and love of the blessed Redeemer.”

“ I try, sir. I do not think I have been a *very* great sinner.”

“ I hope not : but God can pardon the penitent, however great their offences.”

“ Yes, sir, I know it—I know it. This

affair has been so unexpected. I have even been at the communion-table, sir: yes, my mother made me commune. Nothing was neglected, sir."

John Effingham was often proud and self-willed in his communications with men, the inferiority of most of his fellow-creatures to himself, in principles as well as mind, being too plainly apparent not to influence the opinions of one who did not habitually study his own failings; but, as respects God, he was habitually reverent and meek. Spiritual pride formed no part of his character, for he felt his own deficiency in the Christian qualities, the main defect arising more from a habit of regarding the infirmities of others than from dwelling too much on his own merits. In comparing himself with perfection, no one could be more humble; but in limiting the comparison to those around him, few were prouder, or few more justly so, were it permitted to make such a comparison at all. Prayer with him was not habitual or always well ordered, but he was not ashamed to pray;

and when he did bow down his spirit in this manner, it was with the force, comprehensive-ness, and energy of his character. He was now moved by the feeble and common-place consolations that Mr. Monday endeavoured to extract from his situation. He saw the peculiarly deluding and cruel substitution of forms for the substance of piety that distinguishes the policy of all established churches, though, unlike many of his own countrymen, his mind was superior to those narrow exaggerations that, on the other hand, too often convert innocence into sin, and puff up the votary with the conceit of a sectarian and his self-righteousness.

“I will pray with you, Mr. Monday,” he said, kneeling at the side of the dying man’s bed: “we will ask mercy of God together, and he may lessen these doubts.”

Mr. Monday made a sign of eager assent, and John Effingham prayed aloud, or in a voice that was distinctly audible to the other. The petition was short, beautiful, and even lofty in language, without a particle of Scrip-

ture jargon, or of the cant of professed devotees; but it was a fervid, direct, comprehensive, and humble appeal to the Deity for mercy on the being who now found himself in extremity. A child might have understood it, while the heart of a man would have melted with its affecting and meek sincerity. It is to be hoped that the Great Being, whose Spirit pervades the universe, and whose clemency is commensurate with his power, also admitted the force of the petition, for Mr. Monday smiled with pleasure when John Effingham arose.

“Thank you, sir,—a thousand thanks,” muttered the dying man, pressing the hand of the other. “This is better than all.”

After this Mr. Monday was easier, and hours passed away in nearly a continued silence. John Effingham was now convinced that his patient slumbered, and he allowed himself to fall into a doze. It was after the morning watch was called that he was aroused by a movement in the berth. Believing his patient required nourishment, or some fluid to moisten his lips, John Effingham offered both, but they

were declined. Mr. Monday had clasped his hands on his breast, with the fingers uppermost, as painters and sculptors are apt to delineate them when they represent saints in the act of addressing the Deity, and his lips moved, though the words were whispered. John Effingham kneeled, and placed his ear so close as to catch the sounds. His patient was uttering the simple but beautiful petition transmitted by Christ himself to man, as the model of all prayer.

As soon as the other had done, John Effingham repeated the same prayer fervently and aloud himself, and when he opened his eyes, after this solemn homage to God, Mr. Monday was dead.

CHAPTER IX.

Let me alone :—dost thou use to write
Thy name ? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an
Honest, plain-dealing man ?

Jack Cade.

At a later hour the body of the deceased was consigned to the ocean with the forms that had been observed the previous night at the burial of the seaman. These two ceremonies were sad remembrancers of the scene the travellers had passed through ; and, for many days the melancholy that they naturally excited pervaded the ship. But, as no one connected by blood with any of the living had fallen, and it is not the disposition of men to mourn always, this feeling gradually subsided, and at the end of three weeks the deaths had lost most of their influence, or

were recalled only at moments by those who thought it wise to dwell, at times, on such solemn subjects.

Captain Truck had regained his spirits; for, if he felt mortified at the extraordinary difficulties and dangers that had befallen his ship, he also felt proud of the manner in which he had extricated himself from them. As for the mates and crew, they had already returned to their ordinary habits of toil and fun, the accidents of life making but brief and superficial impressions on natures that had got accustomed to vicissitudes and losses.

Mr. Dodge appeared to be nearly forgotten during the first week after the ship succeeded in effecting her escape; for he had the sagacity to keep himself in the back-ground, in the hope that all connected with himself might be overlooked in the hurry and excitement of events. At the end of that period, however, he resumed his intrigues, and was soon actually engaged in endeavouring to get up a "public opinion," by means of which he proposed to himself to obtain some reputation

for spirit and courage. With what success this deeply-laid scheme was likely to meet, as well as the more familiar condition of the cabins, may be gathered by a conversation that took place in the pantry, where Saunders and Toast were preparing the hot punch for the last of the Saturday nights that Captain Truck expected to be at sea. This discourse was held while the few who chose to join in a jollification that peculiarly recalled the recollection of Mr. Monday, were slowly assembling round the great table at the urgent request of the master.

“Well, I must say, Mr. Toast,” the steward commenced as he kept stirring the punch, “that I am werry much rejoiced Captain Truck has resuscitated his old nature, and remembers the festivals and fasts, as is becoming the master of a liner. I can see no good reason because a ship is under jury-masts that the passengers should forego their natural rest and diet. Mr. Monday made a good end, they say, and he had as handsome a burial as I ever laid eyes on at sea.

I don't think his own friends could have interred him more efficaciously, or more piously, had he been on shore."

"It is something, Mr. Saunders, to be able to reflect beforehand on the respectable funeral that your friends have just given you. There is a great gratification to contemplate on such an event."

"You improve in language, Toast, that I will allow; but you sometimes get the words a little wrong. We suspect before a thing recurs, and reflect on it after it has eventuated. You might have suspected the death of poor Mr. Monday after he was wounded, and reflected on it after he was interred in the water. I agree with you that it is consoling to know we have our funeral rights properly delineated. Talking of the battle, Mr. Toast, I shall take this occasion to express to you the high opinion I entertain of your own good conduct. I was a little afraid you might injure Captain Truck in the conflict; but, so far as I have ascertained, on close investigation, you hurt no-

body. We coloured people have some prejudices against us, and I always rejoice when I meet with one who assists to put them down by his conduct."

"They say Mr. Dodge didn't do much harm, either," returned Toast. "For my part I saw nothing of him after I opened my eyes; though I don't think I ever stared about me so much in my life."

Saunders laid a finger on his nose, and shook his head significantly.

"You may speak to me with confidence and mistrust, Toast," he said, "for we are friends, of the same colour, besides being officers in the same pantry. Has Mr. Dodge conversed with you concerning the events of those two or three werry eventful days?"

"He has insinuated considerable, Mr. Saunders; though I do not think Mr. Dodge is ever a werry free talker."

"Has he suggested the propriety of having an account of the whole affair made out by the people, and sustained by affidavits?"

"Well, sir, I imagine he has. At all

ewents, he has been much on the fore-castle lately, endeavouring to persuade the people that *they* retook the ship, and that the passengers were so many encumbrancers in the affair."

"And, are the people such *non composse* as to believe him, Toast?"

"Why, sir, it is agreeable to humanity to think well of ourselves. I do not say that anybody actually *believes* this; but, in my poor judgment, Mr. Saunders, there are men in the ship that would find it *pleasant* to believe it, if they could."

"Werry true; for that is natural. Your hint, Toast, has enlightened my mind on a little obscurity that has lately prewailed over my conceptions. There are Johnson, and Briggs, and Hewson, three of the greatest skulks in the ship, the only men who prewaricated in the least, so much as by a cold look, in the fight; and these three men have told me that Mr. Dodge was the person who had the gun put on the box; and that he drew the Arabs upon the raft. Now, I say, no men

with their eyes open could have made such a mistake, except they made it on purpose. Do you corroborate or contrawerse this statement, Toast ?”

“ I contrawerse it, sir ; for in my poor judgment it was Mr. Blunt.”

“ I am glad we are of the same opinion. I shall say nothing till the proper moment arrives, and then I shall exhibit my sentiments, Mr. Toast, without recrimination or anxiety, for truth is truth.”

“ I am happy to observe that the ladies are quite relaxed from their melancholy, and that they now seem to enjoy themselves ostensibly.”

Saunders threw a look of envy at his subordinate, whose progress in refinement really alarmed his own sense of superiority ; but suppressing the jealous feeling, he replied with dignity,

“ The remark is quite just, Mr. Toast, and denotes penetration. I am always rejoiced when I perceive you elewating your thoughts to superior objects, for the honour of the colour.”

“Mister Saunders,” called out the captain from his seat in the arm-chair, at the head of the table.

“Captain Truck, sir.”

“Let us taste your liquors.”

This was the signal that the Saturday-night was about to commence, and the officers of the pantry presented their compounds in good earnest. On this occasion the ladies had quietly, but firmly, declined being present, but the earnest appeals of the well-meaning captain had overcome the scruples of the gentlemen, all of whom, to avoid the appearance of disrespect to his wishes, had consented to appear.

“This is the last Saturday-night, gentlemen, that I shall probably ever have the honour of passing in your good company,” said Captain Truck, as he disposed of the pitchers and glasses before him, so that he had a perfect command of the appliances of the occasion. “And I feel it to be a gratification with which I would not willingly dispense. We are now to the westward of the Gulf,

and, according to my observations and calculations, within a hundred miles of Sandy Hook, which, with this mild south-west wind, and our weatherly position, I hope to be able to show you some time about eight o'clock to-morrow morning. Quicker passages have been made certainly, but forty days, after all, is no great matter for the westerly run, considering that we have had a look at Africa, and are walking on crutches."

"We owe a great deal to the trades," observed Mr. Effingham; "which have treated us as kindly towards the end of the passage, as they seemed reluctant to join us in the commencement. It has been a momentous month, and I hope we shall all retain healthful recollections of it as long as we live."

"No one will retain as *grateful* recollections of it as myself, gentlemen," resumed the captain. "You had no agency in getting us into the scrape, but the greatest possible agency in getting us out of it. Without the knowledge, prudence, and courage that you have all displayed, God knows what would have

become of the poor Montauk, and, from the bottom of my heart I thank you, each and all, while I have the heartfelt satisfaction of seeing you around me, and of drinking to your future health, happiness and prosperity."

The passengers acknowledged their thanks in return, by bows, among which, that of Mr. Dodge was the most elaborate and conspicuous. The honest captain was too much touched, to observe this little piece of audacity, but, at that moment, he could have taken even Mr. Dodge in his arms and pressed him to his heart.

"Come, gentlemen," he continued; "let us fill and do honour to the night. God has us all in his holy keeping, and we drift about in the squalls of life, pretty much as he orders the wind to blow. 'Sweethearts and wives!' and, Mr. Effingham, we will not forget beautiful, spirited, sensible, and charming daughters."

After this piece of nautical gallantry, the glass began to circulate. The captain, Sir George Templemore,—as the false baronet was

still called in the cabin, and believed to be by all but those who belonged to the *coterie* of Eve,—and Mr. Dodge, indulged freely, though the first was too careful of the reputation of his ship to forget that he was on the American coast in November. The others partook more sparingly, though even they submitted in a slight degree to the influence of good cheer, and for the first time since their escape, the laugh was heard in the cabin as was wont before to be the case. An hour of such indulgence produced again some of the freedom and ease which mark the associations of a ship, after the ice is fairly broken, and even Mr. Dodge began to be tolerated. This person, notwithstanding his conduct on the occasion of the battle, had contrived to maintain his ground with the spurious baronet, by dint of assiduity and flattery, while the others had rather felt pity than aversion, on account of his abject cowardice. The gentlemen did not mention his desertion at the critical moment, (though Mr. Dodge never forgave those who witnessed it,) for they looked upon his con-

duct as the result of a natural and unconquerable infirmity, that rendered him as much the subject of compassion as of reproach. Encouraged by this forbearance, and mistaking its motives, he had begun to hope his absence had not been detected in the confusion of the fight, and he had even carried his audacity so far, as to make an attempt to persuade Mr. Sharp that he had actually been one of those who went in the launch of the *Dane*, to bring down the other boat and raft to the reef, after the ship had been recaptured. It is true, in this attempt, he had met with a cold repulse, but it was so gentleman-like and distant, that he had still hopes of succeeding in persuading the other to believe what he affirmed by way of doing which, he endeavoured all he could to believe it himself. So much confusion existed in his own faculties during the fray, that Mr. Dodge was fain to believe others also might not have not able to distinguish things very accurately.

Under the influence of these feelings, Captain Truck, when the glass had circulated a

little freely, called on the Editor of the Active Inquirer, to favour the company with some more extracts from his journal. Little persuasion was necessary, and Mr. Dodge went into his state-room to bring forth the valuable records of his observations and opinions, with a conviction that all was forgotten, and that he was once more about to resume his proper place in the social relations of the ship. As for the four gentlemen who had been over the ground the other pretended to describe, they prepared to listen, as men of the world would be apt to listen to the superficial and valueless comments of a tyro, though not without some expectations of amusement.

“I propose that we shift the scene to London,” said Captain Truck, “in order that a plain seaman, like myself, may judge of the merits of the writer,—which, I make no doubt, are very great ; though I cannot now swear to it with as free a conscience as I could wish.”

“If I knew the pleasure of the majority,” returned Mr. Dodge, dropping the journal, and looking about him inquiringly, “I would

cheerfully comply with it; for I think the majority should always rule. Paris, or London, or the Rhine, are the same to me; I have seen them all, and am just as well qualified to describe the one as to describe the other."

"No one doubts it, my dear sir; but I am not as well qualified to understand one of your descriptions as I am to understand another. Perhaps, even you, sir, may express yourself more readily, and have better understood what was said to you, in English, than in a foreign tongue."

"As for that, I do not think the value of my remarks is lessened by the one circumstance, or enhanced by the other, sir. I make it a rule always to be right, if possible; and that, I fancy, is as much as the natives of the countries themselves can very well effect. You have only to decide, gentlemen, whether it shall be England, or France, or the Continent."

"I confess an inclination to the *Continent*," said John Effingham; "for one could

scarcely wish to limit a comprehensiveness like that of Mr. Dodges to an island, or even to France."

"I see how it is," exclaimed the captain ; "we must put the traveller through all his paces, and have a little of both ; so Mr. Dodge will have the kindness to touch on all things in heaven and earth, London and Paris, inclusive."

On this hint the journalist turned over a few pages carelessly, and then commenced :—

" ' Reached *Bruxelles* (Mr. Dodge pronounced this word Brucksills) at seven in the evening, and put up at the best house in the place, called the Silver Lamb, which is quite near the celebrated town-house, and, of course, in the very centre of the *beau* quarter. As we did not leave until after breakfast next morning, the reader may expect a description of this ancient capital. It lies altogether on a bit of low, level land——' "

"Nay, Mr. Dodge," interrupted the *soi-disant*. Sir George, "I think *that* must be an error. I have been at Brussels, and I

declare, now, it struck me as lying a good deal on the side of a very steep hill !”

“ All a mistake, sir, I do assure you. There is no more hill at *Brucksills* than on the deck of this ship. You have been in too great a hurry, my dear Sir George ; that is the way with most travellers ; they do not give themselves time to note particulars. You English especially, my dear Sir George, are a little apt to be precipitate ; and, I dare say, you travelled post, with four horses, a mode of getting on by which a man may very well transfer a hill, in his imagination, from one town to another. I travelled chiefly in a *voitury*, which afforded leisure for remarks.”

Here Mr. Dodge laughed ; for he felt that he had got the best of it.

“ I think you are bound to submit, *Sir George Templemore*,” said John Effingham, with an emphasis on the name that raised a smile among his friends ; “ Brussels certainly lies on a flat ; and the hill you saw has, doubtless, been brought up with you from Holland in your haste. Mr. Dodge enjoyed a great

advantage in his mode of travelling ; for, by entering a town in the evening, and quitting it only in the morning, he had the whole night to look about him."

"That was just my mode of proceeding, Mr. John Effingham ; for I made it a rule to pass an entire night in every large town I came to."

"A circumstance that will give a double value to your opinions with our countrymen, Mr. Dodge, since they very seldom give themselves half that leisure when once in motion. I trust you have not passed over the institutions of Belgium, sir ; and most particularly the state of society in the capital, of which you saw so much ?"

"By no means ; here are my remarks on these subjects.—'Belgium, or *The Belges*, as the country is now called, is one of the upstart kingdoms that have arisen in our times ; and which, from signs that cannot be mistaken, is fated soon to be overturned by the glorious principles of freedom. The people are ground down, as usual, by the oppres-

sion of hard task-masters, and bloody-minded priests. The monarch, who is a bigoted Catholic of the House of Saxony, being a son of the king of that country, and a presumptive heir to the throne of Great Britain, in right of his first wife, devoting all his thoughts to miracles and saints. The nobles form a class by themselves, indulging in all sorts of vices.' — I beg pardon, Sir George, but the truth must be told in our country, or one had better never speak.—'All sorts of vices, and otherwise betraying the monstrous tendencies of the system.' ”

“Pray, Mr. Dodge,” interrupted John Effingham, “have you said nothing as to the manner in which the inhabitants relieve the eternal *ennui* of always walking on a level surface?”

“I am afraid not, sir. My attention was chiefly given to the institutions, and to the state of society, although I can readily imagine they must get to be heartily tired of a dead flat.”

“Why, sir, they have contrived to run a

street up and down the roof of the cathedral ; and up and down this street they trot all hours of the day."

Mr. Dodge looked distrustful ; but John Effingham maintained his gravity. After a pause the former continued :—

" ' The usages of *Brucksills* are a mixture of Low Dutch and High Dutch habits, as is the language. The king being a Polander, and a grandson of Augustus, king of Poland, is anxious to introduce the customs of the Russians into his court ; while his amiable young queen, who was born in New Jersey when her illustrious father kept the school at Haddonfield, early imbibed those notions of republicanism which so eminently distinguish His Grace the Honourable Louis Philippe Orleans, the present King of the French.' "

" Nay, Mr. Dodge," said Mr. Sharp, " you will have all the historians ready to cut your throat with envy !"

" Why, sir, I feel it a duty not to throw away the great opportunities I have enjoyed ;

and America is a country in which an editor may never hope to mystify his readers. We deal with them in facts, Mr. Sharpe; and, although this may not be your English practice, we think that truth is powerful, and will prevail. To continue,—‘The kingdom of *the Belges* is about as large as the north-east corner of Connecticut, including one town in Rhode Island; and the whole population may be about equal to that of *our* tribe of Creek Indians, who dwell in the wilder parts of *our* state of Georgia.’”

“This particularity is very convincing,” observed Paul; “and then it has the merit, too, of coming from an eye-witness.”

“I will now, gentlemen, return with you to Paris, where I stayed all of three weeks, and of the society, of which my knowledge of the language will, of course, enable me to give a still more valuable account.”

“You mean to publish these hints, I trust, sir?” inquired the captain.

“I shall probably collect them, and enlarge them in the way of a book; but they have

already been laid before the American public in the columns of the *Active Inquirer*. I can assure you, gentlemen, that my colleagues of the press have spoken quite favourably of the letters as they appeared. Perhaps you would like to hear some of their opinions?"

Hereupon Mr. Dodge opened a pocket-book, out of which he took six or eight slips of printed paper, that had been preserved with care, though obviously well thumbed. Opening one, he read as follows:

“Our friend Dodge, of the *Active Inquirer*, is instructing his readers, and edifying mankind in general, with some very excellent and pungent remarks on the state of Europe, which part of the world he is now exploring with some such enterprise and perseverance as Columbus discovered when he entered on the unknown waste of the Atlantic. His opinions meet with our unqualified approbation, being sound, American, and discriminating. We fancy these Europeans will begin to think in time that Jonathan has some pretty shrewd notions concerning themselves, the critturs!

—This was extracted from the People's Advocate, a journal edited with great ability by Peleg Pond, esquire, a thoroughgoing republican, and a profound observer of mankind."

"In his own parish in particular," quaintly added John Effingham. "Pray, sir, have you any more of these critical *morceaux*?"

"At least a dozen," beginning to read again. "'Steadfast Dodge, esquire, the editor of the Active Inquirer, is now travelling in Europe, and is illuminating the public mind at home by letters that are Johnsonian in style, Chesterfieldian in taste and in knowledge of the world, with the redeeming qualities of nationality, and republicanism, and truth. We rejoice to perceive by these valuable contributions to American literature, that Steadfast Dodge, esquire, finds no reason to envy the inhabitants of the Old World any of their boasted civilization; but that, on the contrary, he is impressed with the superiority of our condition over all countries, every post that he progresses. America has produced but few men like Dodge; and

even Walter Scott might not be ashamed to own some of his descriptions. We hope he may long continue to travel.'"—

"*Voitury*," added John Effingham gravely. "You perceive, gentlemen, how modestly these editors set forth their intimacy with the traveller—'our friend Dodge, of the Active Inquirer,' and 'Steadfast Dodge, esquire,'—a mode of expression that speaks volumes for their own taste, and their profound deference for their readers!"

"We always speak of each other in this manner, Mr. John Effingham—that is our *esprit du corps*."

"And I should think that there would be an *esprit de corps* in the public to resist it," observed Paul Blunt.

The distinction was lost on Mr. Dodge, who turned over to one of his most elaborate strictures on the state of society in France, with all the self-complacency of besotted ignorance and provincial superciliousness. Searching out a place to his mind, this profound observer of men and manners, who had studied a foreign

people, whose language when spoken was gibberish to him, by travelling five days in a public coach, and living four weeks in taverns and eating-houses, besides visiting three theatres, in which he did not understand a single word that was uttered, proceeded to lay before his auditors the results of his observations.

“ ‘ The state of female society in France is truly awful,’ he resumed, ‘ the French Revolution, as is universally known, having left neither decorum, modesty, nor beauty in the nation. I walk nightly in the galleries of the Palais Royal, where I locate myself, and get every opportunity of observing the peculiarities of ladies of the first taste and fashion in the metropolis of Europe. There is one duchess in particular, whose grace and *embonpoint* have, I confess, attracted my admiration. This lady, as my *lucquais de place* informs me, is sometimes termed *la mère du peuple*, from her popularity and affability. The young ladies of France, judging from the specimens I have seen here,—which must be of the highest class in

the capital, as the spot is under the windows of one of the royal palaces,—are by no means observable for that quiet reserve and modest diffidence that distinguish the fair among our own young countrywomen ; but it must be admitted they are remarkable for the manner in which they walk alone, in my judgment a most masculine and unbecoming practice. Woman was not made to live alone, and I shall contend that she was not made to walk alone. At the same time, I confess there is a certain charm in the manner in which these ladies place a hand in each pocket of their aprons, and balance their bodies, as they move like duchesses through the galleries. If I might humbly suggest, the American fair might do worse than imitate this Parisian step ; for, as a traveller, I feel it a duty to exhibit any superior quality that other nations possess. I would also remark on the general suavity of manners that the ladies of quality ’ (this word Mr. Dodge pronounced *equa-a-lity*) ‘ observe in their promenades in and about this genteel quarter of Paris.’ ”

“ The French ladies ought to be much flat-

tered with this notice of them," cried the captain, filling Mr. Dodge's glass. "In the name of truth and penetration, sir, proceed."

" ' I have lately been invited to attend a ball in one of the first families of France, which resides in the Rue St. Jaques, or the St. James' of Paris. The company was select, and composed of many of the first persons in the kingdom of *des Français*. The best possible manners were to be seen here, and the dancing was remarkable for its grace and beauty. The air with which the ladies turned their heads on one side, and inclined their bodies in advancing and retiring, was in the first style of the court of Terpsichore. They were all of the very first families of France. I heard one excuse herself for going away so early as *Madame la Duchesse* expected her; and another observed that she was to leave town in the morning with *Madame la Vicountesse*. The gentlemen, with few exceptions, were in fancy dresses, appearing in coats, some of sky-blue, some green, some scarlet, and some navy-blue, as fancy dictated, and all more or less laced on the seams; much

in the manner as was the case with the Honourable the King the morning I saw him leave for *Nully*. This entertainment was altogether the best conducted of any I ever attended, the gentlemen being condescending, and without the least pride, and the ladies all grace.’”

“Graces would be more expressive, if you will excuse my suggesting a word, sir,” observed John Effingham, as the other paused to take breath.

“‘I have observed that the people in most monarchies are abject and low-minded in their deportment. Thus the men take off their hats when they enter churches, although the minister be not present ; and even the boys take off their hats when they enter private houses. This is commencing servility young. I have even seen men kneeling on the cold pavements of the churches in the most abject manner, and otherwise betraying the feeling naturally created by slavish institutions.’”

“Lord help ’em !” exclaimed the captain, “if they begin so young, what a bowing and kneeling set of blackguards they will get to be in time.”

“It is to be presumed that Mr. Dodge has pointed out the consequences in the instance of the abject old men mentioned, who probably commenced their servility by entering houses with their hats off,” said John Effingham.

“Just so, sir,” rejoined the editor. “I throw in these little popular traits because I think they show the differences between nations.”

“From which I infer,” said Mr. Sharp, “that in your part of America boys do not take off their hats when they enter houses, nor men kneel in churches?”

“Certainly not, sir. Our people get their ideas of manliness early; and as for kneeling in churches, we have some superstitious sects—I do not mention them; but, on the whole, no nation can treat the houses of God more rationally than we do in America.”

“That I will vouch for,” rejoined John Effingham; “for the last time I was at home I attended a concert in one of them, where an *artiste* of singular nasal merit favoured the company with that admirable piece of conjoined

sentiment and music entitled, ‘ Four-and-twenty fiddlers all in a row ! ’ ”

“ I ’ll engage for it,” cried Mr. Dodge, swelling with national pride ; “ and felt all the time as independent and easy as if he was in a tavern. Oh ! superstition is quite extinct in *Ameriky* ! But I have a few remarks on the church in my notes upon England : perhaps you would like to hear them ? ”

“ Let me entreat you to read them,” said the true Sir George Templemore, a little eagerly.

“ Now, I protest against any illiberality,” added the false Sir George, shaking his finger.

Mr. Dodge disregarded both ; but, turning to the place, he read aloud with his usual self-complacency and unctiousness.

“ ‘ To-day I attended public worship in St. —— church, Minories. The congregation was composed of many of the first people of England, among whom were present Sir Solomon Snore, formerly HIGH sheriff of London, a gentleman of the first consideration in the empire, and the celebrated Mr. Shilling, of the firm of Pound, Shilling, and Pence. There was cer-

tainly a fine air of polite life in the congregation, but a little too much idolatry. Sir Solomon and Mr. Shilling were both received with distinction, which was very proper, when we remember their elevated rank; but the genuflexions and chaunting met with my very unqualified disapprobation.’”

“Sir Solomon and the other personage you mention were a little *pursy*, perhaps,” observed Mr. Sharp, “which destroyed their grace.”

“I disapprove of all kneeling, on general principles, sir. If we kneel to one, we shall get to kneel to another, and no one can tell where it will end. ‘The exclusive manner in which the congregation were seated in pews, with sides so high that it was difficult to see your nearest neighbour; and these pews’ (Mr. Dodge pronounced this word *poohs*,) ‘have often curtains that completely enclose their owner, a system of selfishness that would not be long tolerated in *Ameriky*.’”

“Do individuals own their pews in America?” inquired Mr. Sharp.

“Often,” returned John Effingham; “al-

ways, except in those particular portions of the country where it is deemed invidious, and contrary to the public rights, to be better off than one's neighbour, by owning anything that all the community has not a better claim to than its proprietor."

"And cannot the owner of a pew curtain it, with a view to withdraw into himself at public worship?"

"America and England are the antipodes of each other in all these things. I dare say, now, that you have come among us with an idea that our liberty is so very licentious, that a man may read a newspaper by himself?"

"I confess, certainly, to that much," returned Mr. Sharp smiling.

"We shall teach him better than this, Mr. Dodge, before we let him depart. No, sir, you have very contracted ideas of liberty, I perceive. With us everything is settled by majorities. We eat when the majority eats; drink, when the majority drinks; sleep, when the majority sleeps; pray, when the majority prays. So far from burying ourselves in deep

wells of pews, with curtains round their edges, we have raised the floors, amphitheatre fashion, so that everybody can see everybody ; have taken away the sides of the pews, which we have converted into free and equal seats, and have cut down the side of the pulpit so that we can look at the clergyman ; but I understand there is actually a project on foot to put the congregation into the pulpit, and the parson into the aisle, by way of letting the latter see that he is no better than he should be. This would be a capital arrangement, Mr. Dodge, for the ‘Four-and-twenty fiddlers all in a row.’”

The editor of the *Active Inquirer* was a little distrustful of John Effingham, and he was not sorry to continue his extracts, although he was obliged to bring himself still further under the fire of his assailant.

“‘This morning,’ Mr. Dodge resumed, ‘I stepped into the coffee-room of the ‘Shovel and Tongs,’ public-house, to read the morning paper, and, taking a seat by the side of a gentleman who was reading the ‘Times,’ and,

drawing to me the leaves of the journal, so that it would be more convenient to peruse, the man insolently and arrogantly demanded of me, 'What the devil I meant?' This intolerance in the English character is owing to the narrowness of the institutions, under which men come to fancy liberty applies to persons instead of majorities.' "

"You perceive, Mr. Sharp," said John Effingham, "how much more able a stranger is to point out the defects of national character than a native. I dare say that in indulging your individuality, hitherto, you have imagined you were enjoying liberty."

"I fear I have committed some such weakness. But Mr. Dodge will have the goodness to proceed."

The editor complied, as follows:—" 'Nothing has surprised me more than the grovelling propensities of the English on the subject of names. Thus this very inn, which in America would be styled the 'Eagle Tavern,' or the 'Oriental or Occidental Hotel,' or the 'Anglo-Saxon Democratical Coffee-house,' or by some

other equally noble and dignified appellation, is called the 'Shovel and Tongs.' One tavern, which might very appropriately be termed 'The Saloon of Peace,' is vulgarly called 'Dolly's Chop-house.' "

All the gentlemen, not excepting Mr. Sharp, murmured their disgust at so coarse a taste. But most of the party began now to tire of this pretending ignorance and provincial vulgarity, and, one by one, most of them soon after left the table. Captain Truck, however, sent for Mr. Leach, and these two worthies, with Mr. Dodge and the spurious baronet, sat an hour longer, when all retired to their berths.

CHAPTER X.

"I'll meet thee at Philippi."

SHAKSPEARE.

HAPPY is the man who arrives on the coast of New York, with the wind at the southward, in the month of November. There are two particular conditions of the weather, in which the stranger receives the most unfavourable impressions of the climate that has been much and unjustly abused, but which two particular conditions warrants all the evil that has been said of it. One is a sweltering day in summer, and the other an autumnal day, in which the dry north wind scarce seems to leave any marrow in the bones.

The passengers of the Montauk escaped both these evils, and now approached the coast with a bland south-west breeze, and a soft

sky. The ship had been busy in the night, and when the party assembled on deck in the morning, Captain Truck told them, that in an hour they should have a sight of the long-desired western continent. As the packet was running in at the rate of nine knots, under topmast and top-gallant studding-sails, being to windward of her port, this was a promise that the gallant vessel seemed likely enough to redeem.

“ Toast !” called out the captain, who had dropped into his old habits as naturally as if nothing had occurred, “ bring me a coal ; and you, master steward, look well to the breakfast this morning. If the wind stands six hours longer, I shall have the grief of parting with this good company, and you the grief of knowing you will never set another meal before them. These are moments to awaken sentiment, and yet I never knew an officer of the pantry that did not begin to grin as he drew near his port.”

“ It is usually a cheerful moment with every one, I believe, Captain Truck,” said

Eve, "and most of all, should it be one of heartfelt gratitude with us."

"Ay, ay, my dear young lady; and yet I fancy Mr. Saunders will explain it rather differently. Has no one sung out 'land,' yet, from aloft, Mr. Leach? The sands of New Jersey ought to be visible before this."

"We have seen the haze of the land since daylight, but not land itself."

"Then, like old Columbus, the flowered doublet is mine—land, ho!"

The mates and the people laughed, and looking ahead, they nodded to each other, and the word "land" passed from mouth to mouth, with the indifference with which mariners first see it in short passages. Not so with the rest. They crowded together, and endeavoured to catch a glimpse of the coveted shore, though, with the exception of Paul, neither could perceive it.

"We must call on you for assistance," said Eve, who now seldom addressed the handsome young seaman without a flush on her own beautiful face; "for we are all so lubberly

that none of us can see that - which we so earnestly desire."

"Have the kindness to look over the stock of that anchor," said Paul, glad of an excuse to place himself nearer to Eve; "and you will discover an object on the water."

"I do," said Eve, "but is it not a vessel?"

"It is; but a little to the right of that vessel, do you not perceive a hazy object at some elevation above the sea?"

"The cloud, you mean,—a dim, ill-defined, dark body of vapour?"

"So it may seem to you, but to me, it appears to be the land. That is the bluff-like termination of the celebrated high lands of Navesink. By watching it for half an hour, you will perceive its form and surface grow gradually more distinct."

Eve eagerly pointed out the place to Mademoiselle Vieffville and her father, and from that moment, for near an hour, most of the passengers kept it steadily in view. As Paul had said, the blue of this hazy object deepened; then its base became connected with the water,

and it ceased to resemble a cloud at all. In twenty more minutes, the faces and angles of the hills became visible, and trees started out of their sides. In the end, a pair of twin lights were seen perched on the summit.

But the Montauk edged away from these highlands, and shaped her course towards a long low spit of sand, that lay several miles to the northward of them. In this direction, fifty small sail were gathering into, or diverging from the pass, their high gaunt-looking canvass resembling so many church towers on the plains of Lombardy. These were coasters, steering towards their several havens. Two or three outward-bound ships were among them, holding their way in the direction of China, the Pacific Ocean, or Europe.

About nine, the Montauk met a large ship, standing on a bowline, with everything set that would draw, and heaping the water under her bows. A few minutes after, Captain Truck, whose attention had been much diverted from the surrounding objects by the care of his ship, came near the group of

passengers, and once more entered into conversation.

“ Here we are, my dear young lady,” he cried, “ within five leagues of Sandy Hook, which lies hereaway, under our lee bow ; as pretty a position as heart could wish. This lank, hungry-looking schooner inshore of us, is a news-vessel, and, as soon as she is done with the brig near her, we shall have her in chase, when there will be a good opportunity to get rid of all our spare lies. This little fellow to leeward, who is clawing up towards us, is the pilot ; after whose arrival, my functions cease, and I shall have little to do but to rattle off Saunders and Toast, and to feed the pigs.”

“ And who is this gentleman ahead of us, with his main-topsail to the mast, his courses in the brails, and his helm a-lee ?” asked Paul.

“ Some chap who has forgotten his knee-buckles, and has been obliged to send a boat up to town to hunt for them,” coolly rejoined the captain, while he sought the focus of the glass, and levelled it at the vessel in question.

The look was long and steady, and twice Captain Truck lowered the instrument to wipe the moisture from his own eye. At length, he called out, to the amazement of everybody,

“Stand by, to in all studding-sails, and to ware to the eastward. Be lively, men, be lively! The eternal Foam, as I am a miserable sinner!”

Paul laid a hand on the arm of Captain Truck, and stopped him, as the other was about to spring towards the forecastle, with a view to aid and encourage his people.

“You forget that we have neither spars nor sails suited to a chase,” said the young man. “If we haul off to seaward on any tack we can try, the corvette will be too much for us now, and excuse me if I say that a different course will be advisable.”

The captain had learned to respect the opinion of Paul, and he took the interference kindly.

“What choice remains, but to run down into the very jaws of the lion,” he asked, “or to wear round, and stand to the eastward?”

“ We have two alternatives. We may pass unnoticed, the ship being so much altered ; or we may haul up on the tack we are on, and get into shallow water.”

“ He draws as little as this ship, sir, and would follow. There is no port short of Egg Harbour, and into that I should be bashful about entering with a vessel of this size ; whereas, by running to the eastward, and doubling Montauk, which would owe us shelter on account of our name, I might get into the Sound, or New London, at need, and then claim the sweepstakes, as having won the race.”

“ This would be impossible, Captain Truck, allow me to say. Dead before the wind, we cannot escape, for the land would fetch us up in a couple of hours ; to enter by Sandy Hook, if known, is impossible, on account of the corvette, and, in a chase of a hundred and twenty miles, we should be certain to be overtaken.”

“ I fear you are right, my dear sir, I fear you are right. The studding-sails are now in, and I will haul up for the high-lands, and

anchor under them, should it be necessary. We can then give this fellow Vattel in large quantities, for I hardly think he will venture to seize us while we have an anchor fast to good American ground."

"How near dare you stand to the shore?"

"Within a mile ahead of us; but to enter the Hook, the bar must be crossed a league or two off."

"The latter is unlucky; but, by all means, get the vessel in with the land; so near as to leave no doubt as to our being in American waters."

"We'll try him, sir, we'll try him. After having escaped the Arabs, the deuce is in it, if we cannot weather upon John Bull! I beg your pardon, Mr. Sharp, but this is a question that must be settled by some of the niceties of the great authorities."

The yards were now braced forward, and the ship was brought to the wind, so as to head in a little to the northward of the bathing-houses at Long Branch. But for this sudden change of course, the Montauk would

have run down dead upon the corvette, and possibly might have passed her undetected, owing to the change made in her appearance by the spars of the Dane. So long as she continued "bows on," standing towards them, not a soul on board the Foam suspected her real character, though, now that she acted so strangely, and offered her broadside to view, the truth became known in an instant. The main-yard of the corvette was swung, and her sails were filled on the same course as that on which the packet was steering. The two vessels were about ten miles from the land, the Foam a little ahead, but fully a league to leeward. The latter, however, soon tacked and stood in-shore. This brought the vessels nearly abreast of each other, the corvette a mile or more, dead to leeward, and distant now some six miles from the coast. The great superiority of the corvette's sailing was soon apparent to all on board both vessels, for she apparently went two feet to the packet's one.

The history of this meeting, so unexpected to Captain Truck, was very simple. When

the gale had abated, the corvette, which had received no damage, hauled up along the African coast, keeping as near as possible to the supposed track of the packet, and failing to fall in with her chase, she had filled away for New York. On making the Hook she took a pilot, and inquired if the Montauk had arrived. From the pilot she learned that the vessel of which she was in quest had not yet made its appearance, and she sent an officer up to the town to communicate with the British Consul. On the return of this officer, the corvette stood away from the land, and commenced cruising in the offing. For a week she had now been thus occupied, it being her practice to run close in, in the morning, and to remain hovering about the bar until near night, when she made sail for an offing. When first seen from the Montauk, she had been lying-to, to take in stores sent from the town, and to communicate with a news-boat.

The passengers of the Montauk had just finished their breakfast, when the mate reported that the ship was fast shoaling her

water, and that it would be necessary to alter the course in a few minutes, or to anchor. On repairing to the deck, Captain Truck and his companions perceived the land less than a mile a-head of them, and the corvette about half that distance to leeward, and nearly abeam.

"That is a bold fellow," exclaimed the captain, "or he has got a Sandy Hook pilot on board him."

"Most probably the latter," said Paul: "he would scarcely be here on this duty, and neglect so simple a precaution."

"I think this would satisfy Mr. Vattel, sir," returned Captain Truck, as the man in the chains sung out, "and a half three!" "Hard up with the helm, and lay the yards square, Mr. Leach."

"Now we shall soon know the virtue of Vattel," said John Effingham, "as ten minutes will suffice to raise the question very fairly."

The Foam put her helm down, and tacked beautifully to the south-east. As soon as the Montauk, which vessel was now running along shore, keeping in about four fathoms water,

the sea being as smooth as a pond, was a-beam, the corvette wore round, and began to close with her chase, keeping on her eastern, or outer board.

“ Were we an enemy, and a match for that sloop,” said Paul, “ this smooth water and yard-arm attitude would make quick work.”

“ Her captain is in the gangway, taking our measure,” observed Mr. Truck : “ here is the glass ; I wish you to examine his face, and tell me if you think him a man with whom the law of nations will avail anything. See the anchor clear, Mr. Leach, for I ’m determined to bring up all standing, if the gentleman intends to renew the old tricks of John Bull on our coast. What do you make of him, Mr. Blunt ?”

Paul did not answer, but, laying down the glass, he paced the deck rapidly with the manner of one much disturbed. All observed this sudden change, though no one presumed to comment on it. In the mean time the sloop-of-war came up fast, and in a few minutes her larboard fore-yard arm was within twenty feet of the starboard main-yard-arm of the Mon-

tauk, the two vessels running on parallel lines. The corvette now hauled up her fore-course, and let her top-gallant sails settle on the caps, though a dead silence reigned in her.

“Give me the trumpet,” said Captain Truck, stepping to the rail; “the gentleman is about to give us a piece of his mind.”

The English captain, who was easily known by his two epaulettes, also held a trumpet; but neither of the two commanders used his instrument, the distance being sufficiently near for the natural voice.

“I believe, sir,” commenced the man-of-war’s-man, “that I have the pleasure to see Captain Truck, of the Montauk, London packet?”

“Ay, ay, I’ll warrant you he has my name alongside of John Doe and Richard Roe,” muttered Mr. Truck, “spelt as carefully as it could be in a primer.—I am Captain Truck, and this is the Montauk. May I ask the name of your vessel, and your own, sir?”

“This is his Britannic Majesty’s ship, the Foam, Captain Ducie.”

“The Honourable Captain Ducie !” exclaimed Mr. Sharp. “I thought I recognised the voice : I know him intimately well.”

“Will he stand Vattel ?” anxiously demanded Mr. Truck.

“Nay, as for that, I must refer you to himself.”

“You appear to have suffered in the gale,” resumed Captain Ducie, whose smile was very visible, as he thus addressed them like an old acquaintance. “We fared better ourselves, for I believe we did not part a rope-yarn.”

“The ship pitched every stick out of her,” returned Captain Truck, “and has given us the trouble of a new outfit.”

“In which you appear to have succeeded admirably. Your spars and sails are a size or two too small ; but everything stands like a church.”

“Ay, ay, now we have got on our new clothes, we are not ashamed to be seen.”

“May I ask if you have been in port to do all this ?”

“No, sir ; picked them up along-shore.”

The Honourable Captain Ducie thought he was quizzed, and his manner became a little more cold, though it still retained its gentleman-like tone.

“I wish much to see you in private, sir, on an affair of some magnitude, and I greatly regret it was not in my power to speak you the night you left Portsmouth. I am quite aware you are in your own waters, and I feel a strong reluctance to detain your passengers when so near their port ; but I shall feel it as a particular favour if you will permit me to repair on board for a few minutes.”

“With all my heart,” cried Captain Truck : “if you will give me room, I will back my main-topsail, but I wish to lay my head off shore. This gentleman understands Vattel, and we shall have no trouble with him. Keep the anchor clear, Mr. Leach, for ‘fair words butter no parsnips.’ Still, he is a gentleman ;—and, Saunders, put a bottle of the old Madeira on the cabin table.”

Captain Ducie now left the rigging in which he had stood, and the corvette luffed off to

the eastward, to give room to the packet, where she hove-to with her fore-topsail aback. The Montauk followed, taking a position under her lee. A quarter-boat was lowered, and in five minutes its oars were tossed at the packet's lee-gangway, when the commander of the corvette ascended the ship's side, followed by a middle-aged man in the dress of a civilian, and a chubby-faced midshipman.

No one could mistake Captain Ducie for anything but a gentleman. He was handsome, well-formed, and about five-and-twenty. The bow he made to Eve, with whose beauty and air he seemed instantly struck, would have become a drawing-room; but he was too much of an officer to permit any further attention to escape him until he had paid his respects to, and received the compliments of, Captain Truck. He then turned to the ladies and Mr. Effingham, and repeated his salutations.

"I fear," he said, "my duty has made me the unwilling instrument of prolonging your passage, for I believe few ladies love the

ocean sufficiently, easily to forgive those who lengthen its disagreeables."

"We are old travellers, and know how to allow for the obligations of duty," Mr. Effingham civilly answered.

"That they do, sir," put in Captain Truck ;
"and it was never my good fortune to have a more agreeable set of passengers. Mr. Effingham, the Honourable Captain Ducie ;—the Honourable Captain Ducie, Mr. Effingham ;—Mr. John Effingham, Mam'selle V. A. V." endeavouring to imitate Eve's pronunciation of the name ;—"Mr. Dodge, the Honourable Captain Ducie ; the Honourable Captain Ducie, Mr. Dodge."

The Honourable Captain Ducie and all the others, the editor of the *Active Inquirer* excepted, smiled slightly, though they respectively bowed and curtsied ; but Mr. Dodge, who conceived himself entitled to be formally introduced to every one he met, and to know all he saw, whether introduced or not, stepped forward promptly, and shook Mr. Ducie very cordially by the hand.

Captain Truck now turned in quest of some one else to introduce ; Mr. Sharp stood near the capstan, and Paul had retired as far aft as the hurricane-house.

“ I am happy to see you in the Montauk,” added Captain Truck, insensibly leading the other towards the capstan, “ and am sorry I had not the satisfaction of meeting you in England. The Honourable Captain Ducie, Mr. Sharp ; Mr. Sharp, the Honourable Captain—”

“ George Templemore !” exclaimed the commander of the corvette, looking from one to the other.

“ Charles Ducie !” exclaimed the *soi-disant* Mr. Sharp.

“ Here then is an end of part of my hopes, and we have been on a wrong scent the whole time.”

“ Perhaps not, Ducie : explain yourself.”

“ You must have perceived my endeavours to speak you, from the moment you sailed ?”

“ To *speak* us !” cried Captain Truck.

“ Yes, sir, we *did* observe your endeavours to *speak* us.”

“It was because I was given to understand that one *calling* himself Sir George Templemore, an impostor, however, had taken passage in this ship; and here I find that we have been misled, by the real Sir George Templemore having chose to come this way instead of coming by the Liverpool ship. So much for your confounded fashionable caprices, Templemore, which never lets you know in the morning whether you are to shoot yourself or to get married before night.”

“And is this gentleman Sir George Templemore?” pithily demanded Captain Truck.

“For that I can vouch, on the knowledge of my whole life.”

“And we know this to be true, and have known it since the day we sailed,” observed Mr. Effingham.

Captain Truck was accustomed to passengers under false names, but never before had he been so completely mystified.

“And pray, sir,” he inquired of the baronet, “are you a member of Parliament?”

“I have that honour.”

“And Templemore Hall is your residence, and you have come out to look at the Canadas?”

“I am the owner of Templemore Hall, and hope to look at the Canadas before I return.”

“And,” turning to Captain Ducie, “you sailed in quest of another Sir George Templemore—a false one?”

“That is a part of my errand,” returned Captain Ducie smiling.

“Nothing else?—you are certain, sir, that this is the whole of your errand?”

“I confess to another motive,” rejoined the other, scarce knowing how to take Captain Truck’s question; “but this one will suffice for the present, I hope.”

“This business requires frankness. I mean nothing disrespectful; but I am in American waters, and should be sorry, after all, to be obliged to throw myself on Vattel.”

“Let me act as mediator,” interrupted Sir George Templemore. “Some one has been a defaulter, Ducie; is it not so?”

“This is the simple truth; an unfortunate,

but silly, young man, of the name of Sandon. He was intrusted with a large sum of the public money, and has absconded with quite forty thousand pounds."

"And this person, you fancy, did me the honour to travel under my name?"

"Of that we are certain. Mr. Green here," motioning to the civilian, "comes from the same office, and traced the delinquent under your name some distance on the Portsmouth road. When we heard that a Sir George Templemore had actually embarked in the *Montauk*, the admiral made no scruple in sending me after the packet. This has been an unlucky mistake for me, as it would have been a feather in the cap of so young a commander to catch the rogue."

"You may choose your feather, sir," returned Captain Truck, "for you will have a right to wear it. The unfortunate young man you seek is, out of question, in this ship."

Captain Truck now explained that there was a person below who had been known to him

as Sir George Templemore, and who, doubtless, was the unhappy delinquent sought. But Captain Ducie did not betray the attention or satisfaction that one would have expected from this information, his eye being riveted on Paul, who stood beneath the hurricane-house. When the latter saw that he attracted attention he advanced slowly, even reluctantly, upon the quarter-deck. The meeting between these two gentlemen was embarrassed, though each maintained his self-possession.

“Mr. Powis, I believe?” said the officer, bowing haughtily.

“Captain Ducie, if I am not mistaken?” returned the other, lifting his hat steadily, though his face became flushed.

The manner of the two, however, was but little noticed at the moment, though all heard the words. Captain Truck drew a long “whe—e—e—w!” for this was rather more than even he was accustomed to in the way of masquerades. His eye was on the two gentlemen as they walked aft together, and

alone, when he felt a touch upon his arm. It was the little hand of Eve, between whom and the old seaman there existed a good deal of trifling, blended with the most entire goodwill. The young lady laughed with her sweet eyes, shook her fair curls, and said mockingly,

“Mr. Sharp, Mr. Blunt; Mr. Blunt, Mr. Sharp!”

“And were you in the secret all this time, my dear young lady?”

“Every minute of it; from the buoys of Portsmouth to this very spot.”

“I shall be obliged to introduce my passengers all over again!”

“Certainly; and I would recommend that each should show a certificate of baptism, or a passport, before you announce his or her name.”

“*You* are, at least, the beautiful Miss Effingham, my dear young lady?”

“I’ll not vouch for that, even,” said Eve, blushing and laughing.

“That is Mr. John Effingham, I hope?”

“For that I *can* vouch. There are not *two* Cousin Jacks on earth.”

“I wish I knew what the other business of this gentleman is! He seems amicably disposed, except as regards Mr. Blunt. They look coldly and suspiciously at each other.”

Eve thought so too, and she lost all her desire for pleasantry. Just at this moment Captain Ducie quitted his companion, both touching their hats distantly, and returned to the group he had so unceremoniously left a few minutes before.

“I believe, Captain Truck, you now know my errand,” he said, “and can say whether you will consent to my examining the person whom you have mentioned?”

“I know *one* of your errands, sir; you spoke of having *two*.”

“Both will find their completion in this ship, with your permission.”

“Permission! That sounds well, at least, my dear young lady. Permit me to inquire, Captain Ducie, has either of your errands the flavour of tobacco about it?”

The young man looked surprised, and he began to suspect another mystification.

“The question is so singular that it is not very intelligible.”

“I wish to know, Captain Ducie, if you have anything to say to this ship in the way of smuggling?”

“Certainly not. I am not a custom-house officer, sir, nor on the revenue duty; and I had supposed this vessel a regular packet, whose interest is too plain to enter into such a pursuit.”

“You have supposed nothing but the truth, sir; though we cannot always answer for the honesty or discretion of our people. A single pound of tobacco might forfeit this noble ship; and, observing the perseverance with which you have chased me, I was afraid all was not right with the excise.”

“You have had a needless alarm, then, for my two objects in coming to America are completely answered by meeting with Mr. Powis and the Mr. Sandon, who, I have been given to understand, is in his state-room below.”

The party looked at each other, but nothing was said.

“Such being the facts, Captain Ducie, I beg to offer you every facility so far as the hospitality of my ship is concerned.”

“You will permit us to have an interview with Mr. Sandon?”

“Beyond a doubt. I see, sir, you have read Vattel, and understand the rights of neutrals, or of independent nations. As this interview most probably will be interesting, you may desire to have it held in private, and a state-room will be too small for the purpose. My dear young lady, will you have the complaisance to lend us your cabin for half an hour?”

Eve bowed assent, and Captain Truck then invited the two Englishmen below.

“My presence at this interview is of little moment,” observed Captain Ducie, “Mr. Green is master of the whole affair, and I have a matter of importance to arrange with Mr. Powis. If one or two of you gentlemen will have the kindness to be present, and wit-

nesses of what passes between Mr. Sandon and Mr. Green, it would be a great favour. Templemore, I may claim this of you?"

"With all my heart, though it is an unpleasant office to see guilt exposed. Should I presume too much by asking Mr. John Effingham to be of our party?"

"I was about to make the same request," put in the captain. "We shall then be two Englishmen and two Yankees,—if Mr. John Effingham will allow me so to style him?"

"Until we get within the Hook, Captain Truck, I am a Yankee; once *in* the country, I belong to the Middle States, if you will allow me the favour to choose."

The last speaker was stopped by a nudge from Captain Truck, who seized an opportunity to whisper,

"Make no such distinction between outside and inside, I beg of you, my dear sir. I hold that the ship is at this identical moment in the United States of America in a positive sense, as well as by a legal fiction; and I think Vattel will bear me out in it."

“Let it pass for that, then. I will be present at your interview with the fugitive. If the case is not clear against him he shall be protected.”

Things were now soon arranged; it being decided that Mr. Green, who belonged to one of the English offices, accompanied by the gentlemen just named, should descend to the cabin of Miss Effingham, in order to receive the delinquent; while Captain Ducie should have his interview with Paul Powis in the state-room of the latter.

The first party went below immediately; but Captain Ducie remained on deck a minute or two to give an order to the midshipman of his boat, who immediately quitted the *Montauk*, and pulled to the corvette. During this brief delay Paul approached the ladies, to whom he spoke with a forced indifference, though it was not possible to avoid seeing his concern.

His servant, too, was observed watching his movements with great interest; and when

the two gentlemen went below in company, the man shrugged his shoulders, and actually held up his hands, as one is wont to do at the occurrence of any surprising or distressing circumstance.

CHAPTER XI.

Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE history of the unfortunate young man, who, after escaping all the hazards and adventures of the passage, was now so unexpectedly overtaken as he was about to reach what he fancied an asylum, was no more than one of those common-place tissue of events that lead, through vanity and weakness, to crime. His father had held an office under the British government. Marrying late, and leaving a son and daughter just issuing into life at the time of his decease, the situation he had himself filled had been given to the first, out of respect to the unwearied toil of a faithful servant.

The young man was one of those who,

without principles or high motives, live only for vanity. Of prominent vices he had none, for there were no salient points in his character on which to hang any quality of sufficient boldness to encourage crime of that nature. Perhaps he owed his ruin to the circumstance that he had a tolerable person, and was six feet high, as much as to any one other thing. His father had been a short, solid, square-built little man, whose ambition never towered above his stature, and who, having entered fairly on the path of industry and integrity early in life, had sedulously persevered in it to the end. Not so with the son. He read so much about aristocratic stature, aristocratic ears, aristocratic hands, aristocratic feet, and aristocratic air, that he was delighted to find that in all these high qualities he was not easily to be distinguished from most of the young men of rank he occasionally saw riding in the parks, or met in the streets; and, though he very well knew he was not a lord, he began to fancy it happiness to be thought one by strangers for an hour on two in a week.

His passion for trifles and toys was inhe-

rent, and it had been increased by reading two or three caricatures of fashionable men in the novels of the day, until his happiness was chiefly centered in its indulgence. This was an expensive foible; and its gratification ere long exhausted his legitimate means. One or two trifling and undetected peculations favoured his folly, until a large sum happening to lie at his sole mercy for a week or two, he made such an inroad on it as compelled a flight. Having made up his mind to quit England, he thought it would be as easy to escape with forty thousand pounds as with the few hundreds he had already appropriated to himself. This capital mistake was the cause of his destruction; for the magnitude of the sum induced the government to take unusual steps to recover it, and was the true cause of its having despatched the cruiser in chase of the Montauk.

The Mr. Green who had been sent to identify the fugitive was a cold, methodical man, every way resembling the delinquent's father, whose office-companion he had been, and in whose track of undeviating attention to business and

negative honesty he had faithfully followed. He felt the speculation, or robbery, for it scarce deserved a milder term, to be a reproach on the corps to which he belonged, besides leaving a stigma on the name of one to whom he had himself looked up as to a model for his own imitation and government. It will readily be supposed, therefore, that this person was not prepared to meet the delinquent in a very forgiving mood.

“Saunders,” said Captain Truck, in the stern tone with which he often hailed a-top, and which implied that instant obedience was a condition of his forbearance, “go to the state-room of the person who has *called* himself Sir George Templemore,—give him my compliments,—be very particular, Mr. Saunders,—and say Captain Truck’s compliments, and then tell him I expect the honour of his company in this cabin—the *honour* of his company, remember, in this cabin. If that don’t bring him out of his state-room, I’ll contrive something that shall.”

The steward turned up the white of his eyes, shrugged his shoulders, and proceeded forth-

with on the errand. He found time, however, to stop in the pantry, and to inform Toast that their suspicions were at least in part true.

“ This elucidates the circumstance of his having no attendant with him, like the other gentlemen on board, and a wariety of other incidents, that much needed dewelopement. Mr. Blunt, I do collect from a few hints on deck, turns out to be a Mr. Powis, a much genteeler name ; and as they spoke to some one in the ladies’ cabin as ‘ Sir George,’ I should not be overcome with astonishment should Mr. Sharp actually ewentuate as the real baronite.”

There was time for no more, and Saunders proceeded to summon the delinquent.

“ This is the most unpleasant part of the duty of a packet-master between England and America,” continued Captain Truck, as soon as Saunders was out of sight. “ Scarce a ship sails that it has not some runaway or other, either in the steerage or in the cabins, and we are often called on to aid the civil authorities on both sides of the water.”

“ America seems to be a favourite country with our English rogues,” observed the office-man drily. “ This is the third that has gone

from our own department within as many years."

"Your department appears to be fruitful of such characters, sir," returned Captain Truck, pretty much in the spirit in which the first remark had been given.

Mr. Green was as thorough-going an Englishman as any of his class in the island. Methodical, plodding, industrious, and regular in all his habits, he was honest by rule, and had no leisure or inclination for any other opinions than those which were obtained with the smallest effort. In consequence of the limited sphere in which he dwelt, in a moral sense at least, he was a mass of the prejudices that were most prevalent at the period when he first obtained his notions. His hatred of France was unconquerable, for he had early learned to consider her as the fast enemy of England; and as to America, he deemed her to be the general asylum of all the rogues of his own country,—the possession of a people who had rebelled against their king, because the restraints of law were inherently disagreeable to them. This opinion he had no more wish to proclaim than he felt a desire to go up and down declaring that

Satan was the father of sin ; but the fact in the one case was just as well established in his mind as in the other. If he occasionally betrayed the existence of these sentiments, it was as a man coughs ; not because he particularly wishes to cough, but because he cannot help it. Finding the subject so naturally introduced, therefore, it is no wonder if some of his peculiar notions escaped him in the short dialogue that followed.

“ We have our share of bad men, I presume, sir,” he rejoined to the thrust of Captain Truck ; “ but the thing that has most attracted comment with us is, the fact that they all go to America.”

“ And we receive our share of rogues, I presume, sir ; and it is the subject of animadversion with *us* that they all come from England.”

Mr. Green did not feel the force of this retort ; but he wiped his spectacles as he quietly composed his features into a look of dignified gravity.

“ Some of your most considerable men in America, I believe, sir,” he continued, “ have been Englishmen, who preferred a residence in the colonies to a residence at home.”

“ I never heard of them,” returned the captain ; “ will you have the goodness to name just one ? ”

“ Why, to begin, there was your Washington. I have often heard my father say that he went to school with him in Warwickshire, and that he was thought anything but very clever, too, while he lived in England.”

“ You perceive, then, that we made something of him when we got him over on this side ; for he turned out in the end to be a very decent and respectable sort of a person. Judging from the language of some of your prints, sir, I should suppose that King William enjoyed the reputation of being a respectable man in your country ? ”

Although startled to hear his sovereign spoken of in this irreverent manner, Mr. Green answered promptly,—

“ He is a king, sir, and comports himself as a king.”

“ And all the better, I dare say, for the thrashing he got when a youngster from the Vermont tailor.”

Now Captain Truck quite as religiously believed in this vulgar tale concerning the prince

in question, as Mr. Green believed that Washington had commenced his career as one no better than he should be, or as implicitly as Mr. Steadfast Dodge gave credit to the ridiculous history of the schoolmaster of Haddonfield; all three of the legends belonging to the same high class of historical truths.

Sir George Templemore looked with surprise at John Effingham, who gravely remarked,—

“Elegant extracts, sir, from the vulgar rumours of two great nations. We deal largely in these legends, and you are not quite guiltless of them. I dare say, now, if you would be frank, that you yourself have not always been deaf to the reports against America.”

“You surely do not imagine that I am so ignorant of the career of Washington?”

“Of that I fully acquit you; nor do I exactly suppose that your present monarch was flogged by a tailor in Vermont, or that Louis Philippe kept school in New Jersey. Our position in the world raises us beyond these elegances; but do you not fancy some hard things of America, more especially concerning her disposition to harbour rogues, if they come with full pockets.”

The baronet laughed, but he coloured. He wished to be liberal, for he well knew that liberality distinguishes the man of the world, and was an indispensable requisite for a gentleman; but it is very hard for an Englishman to manifest true liberality towards the *ci-devant* colonies, and this he felt in the whole of his moral system, notwithstanding every effort to the contrary.

“ I will confess that the case of Stephenson made an unfavourable impression in England,” he said with some reluctance.

“ You mean the absconding member of Parliament,” returned John Effingham, with emphasis on the four last words. “ You cannot mean to reproach us with his selection of a place of refuge; for he was picked up at sea by a foreign ship that was accidentally bound to America.”

“ Certainly not with that circumstance, which, as you say, was purely an accident. But was there not something extraordinary in his liberation from arrest ?”

“ Sir George Templemore, there are few Englishmen with whom I would dwell an instant on this subject,” said John Effingham

gravely ; “ but you are one of those who have taught me to respect you, and I feel a strong regret whenever I trace any of these mistaken notions in a man of your really generous disposition. A moment’s reflection will show you that no civilized society could exist with the disposition you hint at ; and as for the particular case you have mentioned, the man did not bring money of any moment with him, and was liberated from arrest on a principle common to all law, where law is stronger than political power, and which principle we derive directly from Great Britain. Depend on it, so far from there being a desire to receive rich rogues in America from other countries, there is a growing indisposition to receive emigrants at all ; for their number is getting to be inconvenient to the native population.”

“ Why does not America pass reciprocal laws with us, then, for the mutual delivery of criminals.”

“ One insuperable objection to such a reciprocity arises from the nature of our government, as a confederation, since there is no identity in our own criminal jurisprudence : but a chief reason is the exceedingly artificial condi-

tion of your society, which is the very opposite of our own, and indisposes the American to visit trifling crimes with so heavy punishments. The American, who has a voice in this matter, you will remember, is not prepared to hang a half-starved wretch for a theft, or to send a man to Botany Bay for poaching. The facility with which men obtain a livelihood in America has hitherto converted most rogues into comparatively honest men when they get there; though I think the day is near, now your own police is so much improved, when we shall find it necessary in self-defence to change our policy. The common language, as I am told, induces many knaves, who now find England too hot to hold them, to migrate to America."

"Captain Ducie is anxious to know whether Mr. Truck will quietly permit this criminal to be transferred to the Foam?"

"I do not think he will permit it at all without being overpowered, if the request be urged in any manner as a right. In that case, he will very properly think that the maintenance of his national character is of more importance than the escape of a dozen rogues. *You* may put a harsh construction on his

course ; but *I* shall think him right in resisting an unjust and an illegal invasion of his rights. I had thought Captain Ducie, however, more peaceably disposed from what has passed."

" Perhaps I have expressed myself too strongly. I know he would wish to take back the criminal ; but I scarce think that he meditates more than persuasion. Ducie is a fine fellow, and every way a gentleman."

" He appears to have found an acquaintance in our young friend Powis."

" The meeting between these two gentlemen has surprised me, for it can scarcely be termed amicable ; and yet it seems to occupy more of Ducie's thoughts just now than the affair of the runaway."

Both now became silent and thoughtful, for John Effingham had too many unpleasant suspicions to wish to speak, and the baronet was too generous to suggest a doubt concerning one whom he felt to be his rival, and whom, in truth, he had begun sincerely to respect, as well as to like. In the mean time, a discussion, which had gradually been growing more dogged and sullen on the part of Mr. Green, and more biting and caustic on that

of Captain Truck, was suddenly terminated by the reluctant and tardy appearance of Mr. Sandon.

Guilt, that powerful vindicator of the justice of Providence, as it proves the existence of the inward monitor, conscience, was painfully impressed on a countenance that, in general, expressed little beyond a vacant vanity. Although of a tall and athletic person, his limbs trembled in a way to refuse to support him, and when he saw the well-known face of Mr. Green, the unhappy young man sank into a seat, from a real inability to stand. The other regarded him sternly through his spectacles, for more than a minute.

“ This is a melancholy picture, Henry Sandon !” he at length said. “ I am, at least, glad that you do not affect to brazen out your crime, but that you show a proper sense of its enormity. What would your upright and pains-taking father have said, had he lived to see his only son in this situation ?”

“ He is dead !” returned the young man, hoarsely. “ He is dead, and never can know anything about it.”

The unhappy delinquent experienced a sense

of frightful pleasure, as he uttered these words.

“ It is true, he is dead ; but there are others to suffer by your misconduct. Your innocent sister is living, and feels all your disgrace.”

“ She will marry Jones, and forget it all. I gave her a thousand pounds, and she is married before this.”

“ In that you are mistaken. She has returned the money, for she is, indeed, John Sandon’s daughter, and Mr. Jones refuses to marry the sister of a thief.”

The delinquent was vain and unreflecting, rather than selfish, and he had a natural attachment to his sister, the only other child of his parents. The blow, therefore, fell on his conscience with double force, coming from this quarter.

“ Julia can compel him to marry her,” said the startled brother ; “ he is bound by a solemn engagement, and the law will protect her.”

“ No law can make a man marry against his will, and your poor unfortunate sister is too tender of your feelings, whatever you may.

have been of hers, to wish to give Mr. Jones an opportunity of defending himself by exposing your crime. But this is wasting words, Mr. Sandon, for I am wanted in the office, where I have left things in the hands of an inexperienced substitute. Of course you are not prepared to defend an act, that your conscience must tell you is inexcusable."

"I am afraid, Mr. Green, I have been a little thoughtless; or, perhaps, it would be better to say, unlucky."

Mr. Sandon had fallen into the general and delusive mistake of those who err, in supposing himself unfortunate rather than criminal. With an ingenuity, that, exercised in a better cause, would have made him a respectable man, he had been endeavouring to excuse his crime to himself, on various pleas of necessity, and he had even got at last to justify his act, by fancying that some trifling wrong he had received, or which he fancied he had received in the settlement of his own private account, in some measure excused his fraud, although his own denied claim amounted merely to the sum of twenty pounds, and

that which he had taken was so large. It was under the influence of such feelings that he made the answer just given.

“A little thoughtless! unlucky! And is this the way, Henry Sandon, that you name a crime that might almost raise your upright father from his grave? But I will speak no more of feelings that you do not seem to understand. You confess to have taken forty thousand pounds of the public money, to which you have no right or claim?”

“I certainly have in my hands some money, which I do not deny belongs to government.”

“It is well; and here is my authority to receive it from you. Gentlemen, will you have the kindness to see that my powers are regular and authentic?”

John Effingham and others, cast their eyes over the papers, which seemed to be in rule, and they said as much.

“Now, sir,” resumed Mr. Green, “in the first place, I demand the bills you received in London for this money, and your regular endorsement, in my favour.”

The culprit appeared to have made up his mind to this demand, and, with the same

recklessness with which he had appropriated the money to his own use, he was now ready to restore it, without proposing a condition for his own safety. The bills were in his pocket, and seating himself at a table, he made the required endorsement, and handed them to Mr. Green.

“Here are bills for thirty-eight thousand pounds,” said that methodical person, after he had examined the drafts, one by one, and counted their amount; “and you are known to have taken forty thousand. I demand the remainder.”

“Would you leave me in a strange country penniless?” exclaimed the culprit, in a tone of reproach.

“Strange country! penniless!” repeated Mr. Green, looking over his spectacles, first at Mr. Truck, and then at Mr. Sandon. “That to which you have no claim must be restored, though it strip you to the skin. Every pound you have belongs to the public, and to no one else.”

“Your pardon, Mr. Green, and green enough you are, if you lay down that doctrine,” interrupted Captain Truck, “in which neither

Vattel, nor the revised statutes will bear you out. A passenger cannot remove his effects from a ship, until his passage be first paid."

"That, sir, I dispute, in a question affecting the king's revenues. The claims of government precede all others, and the money that has once belonged to the crown, and which has not been regularly paid away by the crown, is the crown's still."

"Crowns and coronations! Perhaps, Master Green, you think your are in Somerset House at this present speaking?"

Now Mr. Green was so completely a star of a confined orbit, that his ideas seldom described a tangent to their ordinary revolutions. He was so much accustomed to hear of England ruling colonies, the East and the West, Canada, the Cape, and New South Wales, that it was not an easy matter for him to conceive himself to be without the influence of the British laws. Had he quitted home with the intention to emigrate, or even to travel, it is probable that his mind would have kept a more equal pace with his body, but summoned in haste from his desk, and with the office spectacles on his nose, it is not so much

a matter of wonder that he hardly realized the truths of his present situation. The man-of-war, in which everything was His Majesty's, sustained this feeling, and it was too sudden a change to expect such a man to abandon all his most cherished notions, at a moment's warning. The irreverent exclamation of Captain Truck shocked him, and he did not fail to show as much by the disgust pictured in his countenance.

"I am in one of His Majesty's packets, sir, I presume, where, you will permit me to say, a greater deference for the high ceremonies of the kingdom ought to be found."

"This would make even old Joe Bunk laugh! You are in a New York liner, sir, over which no majesty has any control, but their majesties John Griswold and Co. Why, my good sir, the sea has unsettled your brain!"

Now, Mr. Green did know that the United States of America had obtained their independence, but the whole proceeding was so mixed up with rebellion, and a French alliance, in his mind, that he always doubted whether the new republic had a legal exist-

ence at all, and he had been heard to express his surprise that the twelve judges had not long since decided this state of things to be unconstitutional, and overturned the American Government by *mandamus*. His disgust increased, accordingly, as Captain Truck's irreverence manifested itself in stronger terms, and there was great danger that the harmony, which had hitherto prevailed between the parties, would be brought to a violent termination.

"The respect for the crown in a truly loyal subject, sir," Mr. Green returned sharply, "is not to be unsettled by the sea; not in my case, at least, whatever it may have been in your own."

"My own! why, the devil, sir, do you take me for a *subject*?"

"A truant one, I fear, though you may have been born in London itself."

"Why, my dear sir," said Captain Truck, taking the other by a button, as if he pitied his hallucination, "you don't breed such men in London. I came from the river, which never had a subject in it, or any other majesty, than that of the Saybrook Platform. I begin to understand you, at last; you are one

of those well-meaning men who fancy the earth but a casing to the island of Great Britain. Well, I suppose it is more the fault of your education than of your nature, and one must overlook the mistake. May I ask what is your farther wish, in reference to this unhappy young man?"

"He must refund every pound of the public money that remains in his possession."

"That is just, and I say, yea."

"And all who have received from him any portion of this money, under whatever pretences, must restore it to the crown."

"My good sir, you can have no notion of the quantity of champagne and other good things this unfortunate young man has consumed in this ship. Although but a sham baronet, he has fared like a real lord; and you cannot have the heart to extract from the owners the keeping of your rogues."

"Government makes no distinction, sir, and always claims its own."

"Nay, Mr. Green," interrupted Sir George Templemore, "I much question if government would assert a right to money that a peculator or a defaulter fairly spends, even in England;

much less does it seem to me it can pretend to the few pounds that Captain Truck has lawfully earned."

"The money has not been lawfully earned, sir. It is contrary to law to assist a felon to quit the kingdom, and I am not certain there are no penalties for that act alone; and as for the public money, it can never legally quit the Treasury without the proper office forms."

"My dear Sir George," put in the captain, "leave me to settle this with Mr. Green, who, no doubt, is authorized to give a receipt in full. What is to be done with the delinquent, sir, now that you are in possession of his money?"

"Of course he will be carried back in the Foam, and, I mourn to be compelled to say, that he must be left in the hands of the law."

"What, with or without my permission?"

Mr. Green stared, for his mind was precisely one of those which would conceive it to be a high act of audacity in a *ci-devant* colonist to claim the rights of an old country, even did he really understand the legality and completeness of the separation.

“ He has committed forgery, sir, to conceal his peculation. It is an awful crime ; but they that commit it cannot hope to escape the consequences.”

“ Miserable impostor ! is this true ? ” Captain Truck sternly demanded of the trembling culprit.

“ He calls an oversight forgery, sir,” returned the latter huskily. “ I have done nothing to affect my life or liberty.”

At this moment Captain Ducie, accompanied by Paul Powis, entered the cabin, their faces flushed, and their manner to each other a little disturbed, though it was formally courteous. At the same instant, Mr. Dodge, who had been dying to be present at the secret conference, watched his opportunity to slip in also.

“ I am glad you have come, sir,” said Mr. Green, “ for here may be occasion for the services of his Majesty’s officers. Mr. Sandon has given up these bills, but two thousand pounds remain unaccounted for, and I have traced thirty-five, quite, clearly, to the master of this ship, who has received it in the way of passage-money.”

“ Yes, sir, the fact is as plain as the high-

lands of Navesink from the deck," drily added Captain Truck.

"One thousand of this money has been returned by the defaulter's sister," observed Captain Ducie.

"Very true, sir; I had forgotten to give him credit for that."

"The remainder has probably been wasted in those silly trifles of which you have told me the unhappy man was so fond, and for which he has bartered respectability and peace of mind. As for the money paid this ship for the passage, it has been fairly earned, nor do I know that government has any power to reclaim it."

Mr. Green heard this opinion with still greater disgust than he had felt towards the language of Captain Truck, nor could he very well prevent his feelings escaping him in words.

"We truly live in perilous times," he muttered, speaking more particularly to John Effingham, out of respect to his appearance, "when the scions of the nobility entertain notions so loose. We have vainly fancied in Eng-

land that the enormities of the French revolution were neutralized by Billy Pitt; but, sir, we still live in perilous times, for the disease has fairly reached the higher classes." I hear that designs are seriously entertained against the wigs of the judges and bishops, and the next thing will be the throne! All our venerable institutions are in danger."

"I should think the throne might indeed be in danger, sir," returned John Effingham gravely, "if it reposes on wigs."

"It is my duty, Captain Truck," continued Captain Ducie, who was a man so very different from his associate that he scarcely seemed to belong to the same species, "to request you will deliver to us the person of the culprit, with his effects, when we can relieve you and your passengers from the pain of witnessing any more of this unpleasant scene."

At the sound of the delivery of his person all the danger of his situation rushed forcibly before the imagination of the culprit. His face flushed and became pale, and his legs refused to support him, though he made a desperate effort to rise.

After an instant of silence, he turned to the commander of the corvette, and, in piteous accents appealed to him for mercy.

"I have been punished severely already," he continued, as his voice returned, "for the savage Arabs robbed me of everything I had of any value. These gentlemen know that they took my dressing-case, several other curious and valuable articles for the toilet, and nearly all my clothes."

"This man is scarcely a responsible being," said John Effingham, "for a childish vanity supplies the place of principles, self-respect, and duty. With a sister scorned on account of his crimes, conviction beyond denial, and a dread punishment staring him in the face, his thoughts still run on trifles."

Captain Ducie gave a look of pity at the miserable young man, and, by his countenance, it was plain to see that he felt no relish for his duty. Still he felt himself bound to urge on Captain Truck a compliance with his request. The master of the packet was a good deal divided by an inherent dislike of seeming to yield anything to a British naval officer, a class of men whom he had learned in early life

most heartily to dislike ; his kind feelings towards this particular specimen of the class ; a reluctance to give a man up to a probable death, or some other severe punishment ; and a distaste to being thought desirous of harbouring a rogue. In this dilemma, therefore, he addressed himself to John Effingham for counsel.

“ I should be pleased to hear your opinion, sir, on this matter,” he said, looking at the gentleman just named, “ for I own myself to be in a category. Ought we, or not, to deliver up the culprit ? ”

“ *Fiat justitia ruat cælum,*” answered John Effingham, who never fancied any one could be ignorant of the meaning of these familiar words.

“ That I believe indeed to be Vattel,” said Captain Truck ; “ but exceptions alter rules. This young man has some claims on us, on account of his conduct when in front of the Arabs.”

“ He fought for himself, sir, and has the merit of preferring liberty in a ship to slavery in the desert.”

“ I think with Mr. John Effingham,” ob-

served Mr. Dodge, "and can see no redeeming quality in his conduct on that occasion. He did what we all did, or, as Mr. John Effingham has so pithily expressed it, he preferred liberty in our company to being an Arab's slave."

"You will not deliver me up, Captain Truck!" exclaimed the delinquent. "They will hang me, if once in their power. Oh! you will not have the heart to let them hang me!"

Captain Truck was startled at this appeal, but he sternly reminded the culprit that it was too late to remember the punishment, when the crime was committed.

"Never fear, Mr. Sandon," said the officer with a sneer; "these gentlemen will take you to New York, for the sake of the thousand pounds, if they can. A rogue is pretty certain of a kind reception in America, I hear."

"Then, sir," exclaimed Captain Truck, "you had better go in with us."

"Mr. Green, Mr. Green, this is indiscreet, to call it by no worse a term," interposed Captain Ducie, who, while he was not free from a good deal of the prejudices of his compa-

nion, was infinitely better bred, and more in the habit of commanding himself.

“Mr. John Effingham, you have heard this wanton insult,” continued Captain Truck, suppressing his wrath as well as he could: “in what manner ought it to be resented?”

“Command the offender to quit your ship instantly,” said John Effingham firmly.

Captain Ducie started, and his face flushed; but, disregarding him altogether, Captain Truck walked deliberately up to Mr. Green, and ordered him to go into the corvette’s boat.

“I shall allow of neither parley nor delay,” added the exasperated old seaman, struggling to appear cool and dignified, though his vocation was little for the latter. “Do me the favour, sir, to permit me to see you into your boat, sir. Saunders, go on deck, and tell Mr. Leach to have the side manned—with *three* side boys, Saunders;—and now I ask it as the greatest possible favour, that you will walk on deck with me, or—or—damn me, but I’ll drag you there, neck and heels!”

It was too much for Captain Truck to seem calm when he was in a towering passion, and the outbreak at the close of his speech was

accompanied by a gesture with a hand which was open, it is true, but from which none of the arts of his more polite days could erase the knobs and hue that had been acquired in early life.

“This is strong language, sir, to use to a British officer, under the guns of a British cruiser,” exclaimed the commander of the corvette.

“And his was strong language to use to a man in his own country, and in his own ship. To you, Captain Ducie, I have nothing to say, unless it be to say you are welcome. But your companion has indulged in a coarse insult on my country, and damn me if I submit to it, if I never see St. Catherine’s Docks again. I had too much of this when a young man, to wish to find it repeated while an old one.”

Captain Ducie bit his lip, and he looked exceedingly vexed. Although he had himself blindly imbibed the notion that America would gladly receive the devil himself if he came with a full pocket, he was shocked with the coarseness that would throw such an innuendo into the very faces of the people of the country.

On the other hand, his pride as an officer was hurt at the menace of Captain Truck, and all the former harmony of the scene was threatened with a sudden termination. Captain Ducie had been struck with the gentleman-like appearance of both the Effinghams, to say nothing of Eve, the instant his foot touched the deck of the Montauk, and he now turned with a manner of reproach to John Effingham, and said,

“Surely, sir, *you* cannot sustain Mr. Truck in his extraordinary conduct !”

“You will pardon me if I say I do. The man has been permitted to remain longer in the ship than I would have suffered.”

“And Mr. Powis, what is your opinion ?”

“I fear,” said Paul, smiling coldly, “that I should have knocked him down on the spot.”

“Templemore, are you, too, of this way of thinking ?”

“I fear the speech of Mr. Green has been without sufficient thought. On reflection he will recall it.”

But Mr. Green would sooner part with life than part with a prejudice, and he shook his

head in the negative in a way to show that his mind was made up.

“This is trifling,” added Captain Truck. “Saunders, go on deck, and tell Mr. Leach to send down through the skylight a single whip, that we may whip this polite personage on deck ; and, harkee, Saunders, let there be another on the yard, that we may send him into his boat like an anker of gin !”

“This is proceeding too far,” said Captain Ducie. “Mr. Green, you will oblige me by retiring ; there can be no suspicion cast on a vessel of war for conceding a little to an unarmed ship.”

“A vessel of war should not insult an unarmed ship, sir !” rejoined Captain Truck pithily.

Captain Ducie again coloured ; but as he had decided on his course, he had the prudence to remain silent. In the mean time Mr. Green sullenly took his hat and papers, and withdrew into the boat ; though, on his return to London, he did not fail to give such a version of the affair as went altogether to corroborate all his own, and his friends’ previous

notions of America ; and, what is equally singular, he religiously believed all he said on the occasion.

“What is now to be done with this unhappy man ?” inquired Captain Ducie when order was a little restored.

The misunderstanding was an unfortunate affair for the culprit. Captain Truck felt a strong reluctance to deliver him up to justice after all they had gone through together ; but, the gentlemanlike conduct of the English commander, the consciousness of having triumphed in the late conflict, and a deep regard for the law, united on the other hand to urge him to yield the unfortunate and weak-minded offender to his own authorities.

“You do not claim a right to take him out of an American ship by violence, if I understand you, Captain Ducie ?”

“I do not. My instructions are merely to demand him.”

“That is, according to Vattel. By demand you mean, to request, to ask for him ?”

“I mean to request, to ask for him,” returned the Englishman, smiling.

“Then take him, of God’s name ; and may

your laws be more merciful to the wretch than he has been to himself, or to his kin."

"Mr. Sandon shrieked, and he threw himself abjectly on his knees between the two captains, grasping the legs of both.

"Oh! hear me! hear me!" he exclaimed in a tone of anguish. "I have given up the money, I will give it all up! all to the last shilling, if you will let me go! You, Captain Truck, by whose side I have fought and toiled, you will not have the heart to abandon me to these murderers!"

"It's d—d hard!" muttered the captain, actually wiping his eyes; "but it is what you have drawn upon yourself, I fear. Get a good lawyer, my poor fellow, as soon as you arrive; and it's an even chance, after all, that you go free!"

"Miserable wretch!" said Mr. Dodge, confronting the still kneeling and agonized delinquent, "Wretch! these are the penalties of guilt. You have forged and stolen, acts that meet with my most unqualified disapprobation, and you are unfit for respectable society. I saw from the very first what you truly were, and permitted myself to associate

with you, merely to detect and expose you, in order that you might not bring disgrace on our beloved country. An impostor has no chance in America; and you are fortunate in being taken back to your own hemisphere."

Mr. Dodge belonged to a tolerably numerous class, that is quaintly described as being "law honest;" that is to say, he neither committed murder nor petty larceny. When he was guilty of moral slander he took great care that it should not be legal slander; and, although his whole life was a tissue of mean and baneful vices, he was quite innocent of all those enormities that usually occupy the attention of a panel of twelve men. This, in his eyes, raised him so far above less prudent sinners as to give him a right to address his quondam associate as has been just related. But the agony of the culprit was past receiving an increase from this brutal attack; he merely motioned the coarse-minded sycophant and demagogue away, and continued his appeals to the two captains for mercy. At this moment Paul Powis stepped up to the editor, and in a low but firm voice ordered him to quit the cabin.

“I will pray for you,—be your slave,—do all you ask, if you will not give me up!” continued the culprit, fairly writhing in his agony. “Oh! Captain Ducie, as an English nobleman, have mercy on me!”

“I must transfer this duty to subordinates,” said the English commander, a tear actually standing in his eye. “Will you permit a party of armed marines to take this unhappy being from your ship, sir.”

“Perhaps this will be the best course, as he will yield only to a show of force. I see no objection to this, Mr. John Effingham?”

“None in the world, sir. It is your object to clear your ship of a delinquent, and let those among whom he committed the fault be the agents.”

“Ay,—ay! this is what Vattel calls the comity of nations. Captain Ducie, I beg you will issue your orders.”

The English commander had foreseen some difficulty, and, in sending away his boat when he came below, he had sent for a corporal's guard. These men were now in a cutter near the ship, lying off on their oars, in a rigid respect to the rights of a stranger, how-

ever,—as Captain Truck was glad to see, the whole party having gone on deck as soon as the arrangement was settled, — at an order from their commander the marines boarded the Montauk, and proceeded below, in quest of their prisoner.

Mr. Sandon had been left alone in Eve's cabin; but as soon as he found himself at liberty, he hurried into his own state-room. Captain Truck went below, while the marines were entering the ship; and, having passed a minute in his own room, he stepped across the cabin, to that of the culprit. Opening the door without knocking, he found the unhappy man in the very act of applying a pistol to his head, his own hand being just in time to prevent the catastrophe. The despair portrayed in the face of the criminal prevented reproach or remonstrance, for Captain Truck was a man of few words when it was necessary to act. Disarming the intended suicide, he coolly counted out to him thirty-five pounds, the money paid for his passage, and told him to pocket it.

“I received this on condition of delivering you safe in New York,” he said; “and as I

shall fail in the bargain, I think it no more than just to return you the money. It may help you on the trial."

"Will they hang me?" asked Mr. Sandon hoarsely, and with an imbecility like that of an infant.

The appearance of the marines prevented reply, the prisoner was secured, his effects were pointed out, and his person was transferred to the boat with the usual military promptitude. As soon as this was done the cutter pulled away from the packet, and was soon hoisted in again on the corvette's deck. That day month the unfortunate victim of a passion for trifles committed suicide in London, just as they were about to transfer him to Newgate; and six months later his unhappy sister died of a broken heart.

CHAPTER XII

We 'll attend you there :

Where, if you bring not Marcius, we 'll proceed
In our first way.

Coriolanus.

EVE and Mademoiselle Viefville had been unwilling spectators of a portion of the foregoing scene, and Captain Ducie felt a desire to apologize for the part he had been obliged to act in it. For this purpose, he had begged his friend the baronet to solicit a more regular introduction than that received through Captain Truck.

“ My friend Ducie is solicitous to be presented, Miss Effingham, that he may urge something in his own behalf concerning the commotion he has raised among us.”

A graceful assent brought the young commander forward, and as soon as he was named he made a very suitable expression of his re-

gret to the ladies, who received it, as a matter of course, favourably.

“ This is a new duty to me, the arrest of criminals,” added Captain Ducie.

The word *criminals* sounded harsh to the ear of Eve, and she felt her cheek becoming pale.

“ Much as we regret the cause,” observed the father, “ we can spare the person you are about to take from us without much pain ; for *we* have known him for an impostor from the moment he appeared.—Is there not some mistake ? That is the third trunk that I have seen passed into the boat marked P. P.”

Captain Ducie smiled, and answered,—

“ You will call it a bad pun if I say P. P. see,” pointing to Paul, who was coming from the cabin attended by Captain Truck. The latter was conversing warmly, gesticulating towards the corvette, and squeezing his companion’s hand.

“ Am I to understand,” said Mr. Effingham earnestly, “ that Mr. Powis, too, is to quit us ?”

“ He does me the favour, also,”—Captain Ducie’s lip curled a little at the word *favour*,—“ to accompany me to England.”

Good breeding and intense feeling caused a profound silence, until the young man himself approached the party. Paul endeavoured to be calm, and he even forced a smile as he addressed his friends.

“Although I escape the honours of a marine guard,” he said,—and Eve thought he said it bitterly, “I am also to be taken out of the ship. Chance has several times thrown me into your society, Mr. Effingham—Miss Effingham—and, should the same good fortune ever again occur, I hope I may be permitted to address you at once as an old acquaintance.”

“We shall always entertain a most grateful recollection of your important services, Mr. Powis,” returned the father; “and I shall not cease to wish that the day may soon arrive when I can have the pleasure of receiving you under my own roof.”

Paul now offered to take the hand of Mademoiselle Vieffville, which he kissed gallantly. He did the same with Eve's, though she felt him tremble in the attempt. As these ladies had lived much in countries in which this graceful mode of salutation prevails among intimates, the act passed as a matter of course.

With Sir George Templemore, Paul parted with every sign of good-will. The people, to whom he had caused a liberal donation to be made, gave him three cheers, for they understood his professional merits at least ; and Saunders, who had not been forgotten, attended him assiduously to the side of the ship. Here Mr. Leach called, "the Foam's away !" and Captain Ducie's gig was manned. At the gangway Captain Truck again shook Paul cordially by the hand, and whispered something in his ear.

Everything being now ready, the two gentlemen prepared to go into the boat. As Eve watched all that passed with an almost breathless anxiety, a little ceremonial that now took place caused her much pain. Hitherto the manner of Captain Ducie, as respected his companion, had struck her as equivocal. At times it was haughty and distant, while at others it had appeared more conciliatory and kind. All these little changes she had noted with a jealous interest, and the slightest appearance of respect or of disrespect was remarked, as if it could furnish a clew to the mystery of the whole procedure.

"Your boat is ready, sir," said Mr. Leach,

stepping out of the gangway to give way to Paul, who stood nearest to the ladder.

The latter was about to proceed, when he was touched lightly on the shoulder by Captain Ducie, who smiled, Eve thought haughtily, and intimated a desire to precede him. Paul coloured, bowed, and falling back, permitted the English officer to enter his own boat first.

“ *Apparemment ce capitaine Anglais est un peu sans façon—Voilà qui est poli!* ” whispered Mademoiselle Viefville.

“ These commanders of vessels of war are little kings,” quietly observed Mr. Effingham, who had unavoidably noticed the whole procedure.

The gig was soon clear of the ship, and both the gentlemen repeated their adieus to those on deck. To reach the corvette, to enter her, and to have the gig swinging on her quarter occupied but five minutes.

Both ships now filled away, and the corvette began to throw out one sheet of cloth after another until she was under a cloud of canvass, again standing to the eastward with studding-sails alow and aloft. On the other hand, the Montauk laid her yards square, and ran down

to the Hook. The pilot from the corvette had been sent on board the packet, and, the wind standing, by eleven o'clock the latter had crossed the bar. At this moment the low dark stern of the Foam resembled a small black spot on the sea sustaining a pyramid of cloud.

"You were not on deck, John, to take leave of our young friend Powis," said Mr. Effingham, reproachfully.

"I did not wish to witness a ceremony of this extraordinary nature. And yet it might have been better if I had."

"Better, Cousin Jack!"

"Better. Poor Monday committed to my care certain papers that, I fancy, are of moment to some one, and these I intrusted to Mr. Powis, with a view to examine them together when we should get in. In the hurry of parting, he has carried them off."

"They may be reclaimed by writing to London," said Mr. Effingham quietly. "Have you his address?"

"I asked him for it; but the question appeared to embarrass him."

"Embarrass, Cousin Jack!"

"Embarrass, Miss Effingham."

The subject was now dropped by common consent. A few moments of awkward silence succeeded, when the interest inseparable from a return home, after an absence of years, began to resume its influence, and objects on the land were noticed. The sudden departure of Paul was not forgotten, however ; for it continued the subject of wonder with all for weeks, though little more was said on the subject.

The ship was soon abreast of the Hook, which Eve compared, to the disadvantage of the celebrated American haven, with the rocky promontories and picturesque towers of the Mediterranean.

“ This portion of our bay, at least, is not very admirable,” she said, “ though there is a promise of something better above.”

“ Some New York cockney, who has wandered from the crackling heat of his Nott stove, has taken it into his poetical imagination to liken this bay to that of Naples,” said John Effingham ; “ and his fellow-citizens greedily swallow the absurdity, although there is scarcely a single feature in common to give the foolish opinion value.”

“ But the bay above *is* beautiful !”

“Barely pretty : when one has seen it alone, for many years, and has forgotten the features of other bays, it does not appear amiss ; but *you*, fresh from the bolder landscapes of Southern Europe, will be disappointed.”

Eve, an ardent admirer of nature, heard this with regret, for she had as much confidence in the taste of her kinsman as in his love of truth. She knew he was superior to the vulgar vanity of giving an undue merit to a thing because he had a right of property in it ; was a man of the world, and knew what he uttered on all such matters ; had not a particle of provincial admiration or of provincial weakness in his composition ; and, although as ready as another, and far more able than most, to defend his country and her institutions from the rude assaults of her revilers, that he seldom made the capital mistake of attempting to defend a weak point.

The scenery greatly improved, in fact, however, as the ship advanced ; and while she went through the pass called the Narrows, Eve expressed her delight. Mademoiselle Viefville was in ecstasies, not so much with the beauties of the place as with the change from the mono-

tony of the ocean to the movement and liveliness of the shore.

“You think this noble scenery?” said John Effingham.

“As far from it as possible, Cousin Jack. I see much meanness and poverty in the view, but at the same time it has fine parts. The islands are not Italian, certainly; nor these hills, nor yet that line of distant rocks; but, together, they form a pretty bay, and a noble one in extent and uses at least.”

“All this is true. Perhaps the earth does not contain another port with so many advantages for commerce. In this respect I think it positively unequalled; but I know a hundred bays that surpass it in beauty. Indeed in the Mediterranean it is not easy to find a natural haven that does not.”

Eve was too fresh from the gorgeous coast of Italy to be in ecstasies with the meagre villages and villas that, more or less, lined the bay of New York; but when they reached a point where the view of the two rivers, separated by the town, came before them, with the heights of Brooklyn, heights comparatively if not positively on one side, and the receding

wall of the palisadoes on the other, Eve insisted that the scene was positively fine.

"You have well chosen your spot," said John Effingham; "but even this is barely good. There is nothing surpassing about it."

"But it is home, Cousin Jack."

"It is *home*, Miss Effingham," he answered, gaping; "and, as you have no cargo to sell, I fear you will find it an exceedingly dull one."

"We shall see—we shall see," returned Eve, laughing. Then, looking about her for a few minutes, she added with a manner in which real and affected vexation were prettily blended, "In one thing I do confess myself disappointed."

"You will be happy, my dear, if it be in only one."

"These smaller vessels are less picturesque than those I have been accustomed to see."

"You have hit upon a very sound criticism, and, by going a little deeper into the subject, you will discover a singular deficiency in this part of an American landscape. The great height of the spars of all the smaller vessels of these waters, when compared with the tame

and level coast, river banks, and the formation of the country in general, has the effect to diminish still more the outlines of any particular scene. Beautiful as it is, beyond all competition, the Hudson would seem still more so, were it not for these high and ungainly spars."

The pilot now began to shorten sail, and the ship drew into that arm of the sea which, by a misnomer peculiarly American, it is the fashion to call the East River. Here our heroine candidly expressed her disappointment, the town seeming mean and insignificant. The Battery, of which she remembered a little, and had heard so much, although beautifully placed, disappointed her, for it had neither the extent and magnificence of a park, nor the embellishments and luxurious shades of a garden. As she had been told that her countrymen were almost ignorant of the art of landscape gardening, she was not so much disappointed with this spot, however, as with the air of the town, and the extreme filth and poverty of the quays. Unwilling to encourage John Effingham in his disposition to censure, she concealed her opinions for a time.

'There is less improvement here than even

I had expected," said Mr. Effingham, as they got into a coach on the wharf. "They had taught me, John, to expect great improvements."

"And great, very great improvements have been made in your absence. If you could see this place as you knew it in youth, the alterations would seem marvellous."

"I cannot admit this. With Eve, I think the place mean in appearance, rather than imposing, and so decidedly provincial as not to possess a single feature of a capital."

"The two things are not irreconcilable, Ned, if you will take the trouble to tax your memory. The place *is* mean and provincial; but thirty years since it was still meaner and more provincial than it is to-day. A century hence it will begin to resemble a large European town."

"What odious objects these posts are!" cried Eve. "They give the streets the air of a village, and I do not see their uses."

"These posts are for awnings, and of themselves they prove the peculiarly country character of the place. If you will reflect, however, you will see it could not well be other-

wise. This town to-day contains near three hundred thousand souls, two-thirds of whom are in truth emigrants from the interior of our own, or of some foreign country; and such a collection of people cannot in a day give a town any other character than that which belongs to themselves. It is not a crime to be provincial and rustic; it is only ridiculous to fancy yourself otherwise, when the fact is apparent."

"The streets seem deserted. I had thought New York a crowded town."

"And yet this is Broadway, a street that every American will tell you is so crowded as to render respiration impossible."

"John Effingham excepted," said Mr. Effingham smiling.

"Is *this* Broadway?" cried Eve, fairly appalled.

"Beyond a question. Are you not smothered?"

Eve continued silent until the carriage reached the door of her father's house. On the other hand, Mademoiselle Viefville expressed herself delighted with all she saw, a circumstance that might have deceived a native

of the country, who did not know how to explain her raptures. In the first place she was a Frenchwoman, and accustomed to say pleasant things; then she was just relieved from an element she detested, and the land was pleasant in her eyes. But the principal reason is still in reserve: Mademoiselle Vieffville, like most Europeans, had regarded America not merely as a provincial country, and this without a high standard of civilization for a province, as the truth would have shown, but as a semi-barbarous quarter of the world; and the things she saw so much surpassed her expectations, that she was delighted, as it might be, by contrast.

As we shall have a future occasion to speak of the dwelling of Mr. Effingham, and to accompany the reader much further in the histories of our several characters, we shall pass over the feelings of Eve when fairly established that night under her own roof. The next morning, however, when she descended to breakfast, she was met by John Effingham, who gravely pointed to the following paragraph in one of the daily journals.

“The Montauk, London packet, which has

been a little out of time, arrived yesterday, as reported in our marine news. This ship has met with various interesting adventures, that, we are happy to hear, will shortly be laid before the world by one of her passengers, a gentleman every way qualified for the task. Among the distinguished persons arrived in the ship is our contemporary, Steadfast Dodge, Esquire, whose amusing and instructing letters from Europe are already before the world. We are glad to hear that Mr. Dodge returns home better satisfied than ever with his own country, which he declares to be quite good enough for him. It is whispered that our literary friend has played a conspicuous part in some recent events on the coast of Africa, though his extreme and well-known modesty renders him indisposed to speak of the affair; but we forbear ourselves, out of respect to a sensibility that we know how to esteem!

“His Britannic Majesty’s ship, Foam, whose arrival we noticed a day or two since, boarded the Montauk off the Hook, and took out of her two criminals, one of whom, we are told, was a defaulter for one hundred and forty thousand pounds, and the other a de-

serter from the king's service, though a scion of a noble house. More of this to-morrow."

The morrow never came, for some new incident took the place of the promised narration. A people who do not give themselves time to eat, and with whom "go a-head," has got to be the substitute of even religion, little troubling themselves to go back twenty-four hours in search of a fact.

"This must be a base falsehood, Cousin Jack," said Eve as she laid down the paper, her brow flushed with an indignation that, for the moment, proved too strong for even apprehension.

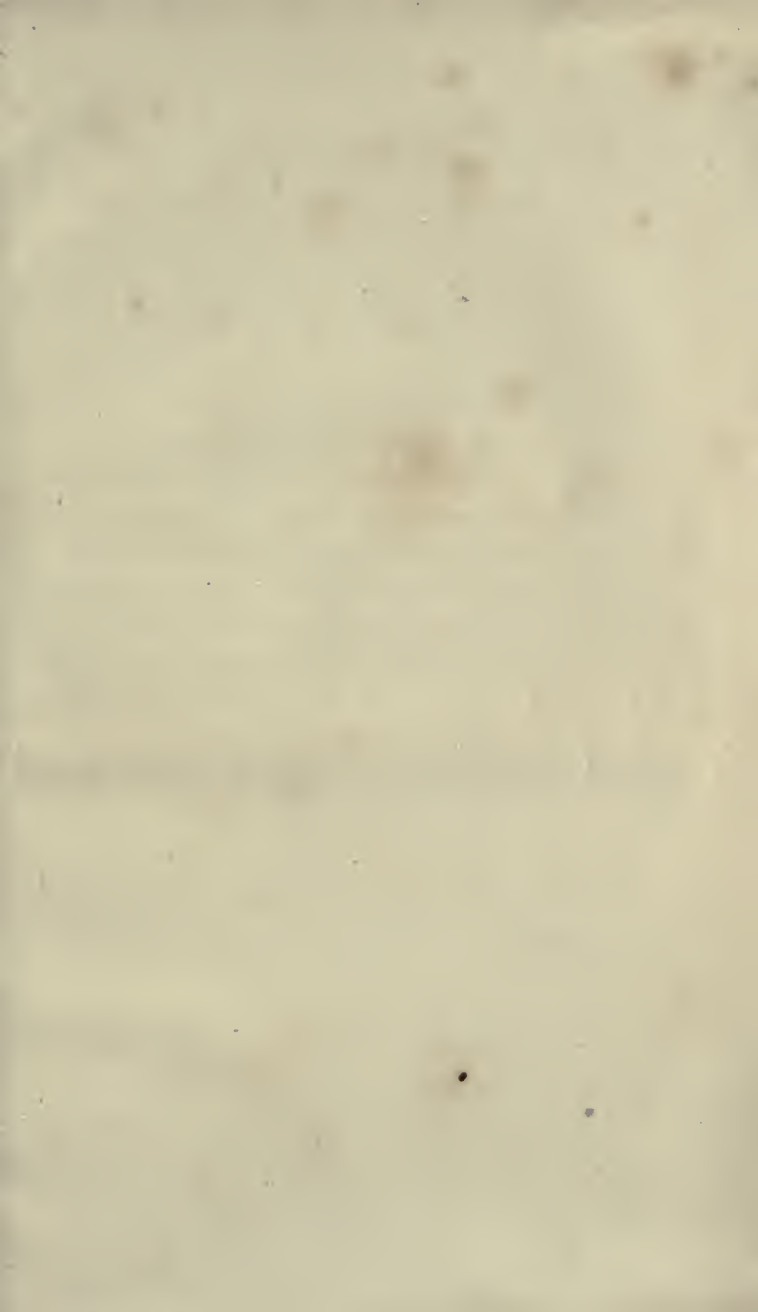
"I hope it may turn out to be so, and yet I consider the affair sufficiently singular to render suspicion at least natural."

How Eve both thought and acted in the matter, will appear hereafter.

THE END.

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